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THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA

If the Southern States have been, by comparison with their Northern sisters, backward in the industries; if their people have not amassed money rapidly and in huge quantities; and if after more than a century and a third of life as a part of the American republic, they are dependent upon other sections in large measure for capital to develop their natural resources, it is at least to be said that they have been singularly free from class conflicts. In the American States commonly called rich and prosperous in a sense not yet applicable to those of the South,—where, undoubtedly, African slavery was an insuperable obstacle to general industrial advance so long as it lasted,—clashes between laborers and capitalists have been frequent and bloody. In the 'white' states, where the wage-earners have been and are numerous and widely separated from the relatively small number of wealthy employers, industrial jealousies and contentions have been and are incessant and often violent, and apparently they grow in number and in menace. In the South, the white people are racially homogeneous to a degree; in spite of some inevitable social differences, there is much that is common to all Southern white men, and their poverty, the misfortunes they have suffered and the dangers that they have had to face have welded them together and saved them from the cruel dissensions usually incident to material progress under competitive conditions. Shall this immunity continue? As the sun of a new day rises to unfold the clear prospect of a splendid prosperity, is

it possible that it may be enjoyed without the attending miseries of class divisions that so often have made prosperity unreal elsewhere? With strikes of weekly or daily occurrence in one or another part of the North to admonish them of the dangers of what we carelessly call 'prosperity,' can they do nothing to ward them off, or must they actually run to meet them and beckon them to enter? Is it not possible for the South to furnish the world with the spectacle of prosperity that is not wholly selfish and unequal as between man and man? Surely, such questions seem worthy for men to ponder even if any other than the replies suggested by unhappy human experience appear quixotic, and that is my excuse for casually reviewing the industrial and political changes that have taken place in South Carolina during the last twenty-five years and which substantially have been paralleled in most of the Southern States. Moreover, I make bold to hint at ways by which the evils of a wealth into which the South is about to come may be shunned, in the hope that at least they will not be dismissed as visionary by those who take thought of the future of their country.

Not since 1884, the year before Captain Tillman unbosomed himself at Bennettsville, has the political temperature been so low in South Carolina. In that year the stagnation of despair was the characteristic. In 1910 the political sea is becalmed; the people having embarked on another sea. Earnestly, diligently, joyously, they are busy — making money. They have no time for politics; they do not seek help from politicians. They do not need it.

In 1884 half a mill increase in the tax levy maddened the people. They were poor. Many of them could not make buckle and tongue meet, no matter how they sweated and strove, and, with the price of cotton going down and the price of money at the bank staying up, they began to grope blindly and strike blindly in all directions. The condition was not peculiar to South Carolina; it marked all the agricultural States. And so, when a politician offered any remedy, they snatched hungrily at it. They were in no temper to weigh accusations and explanations and examine them under the microscope. Anything that was labeled legislative medicine they swallowed without a

grimace and then smacked their lips. In State after State whoever ran about crying a nostrum was hailed gladly and paid handsomely from the only moneys that the people had—the scant supply in the public treasury, the “rascal counters wrung from the hard hands” by the tax-gatherer.

But we had no real political revolution in this or any other American commonwealth. We had a change of officials, tagged somewhat differently, but they were men of the same race, the same station in life, with the same stakes in the community and the same fundamental habits and motives as their predecessors. Consequently, no constitutional change followed; in a few years the flurry passed and the people took up again their accustomed modes of thinking and doing. Though the division of the people was sharp and accompanied with cruel laceration, it was not deep—it was only skin deep. The tough ligaments that held them together could not be sundered by “declamatory flourishes.”

The movement that for the time turned things topsy-turvy in the early nineties—and this I would especially insist upon—was not a laboring man’s movement. It was Agrarian. It was the uprising, in the main, of the disheartened but landowning farmer—not of his wage-earning tenant or hired man. The landowner was so poor and distressed that he forgot that he was a capitalist—that his business was one of buying labor at the lowest price and selling the product of labor at the highest possible price.

That the farmer tills his land with his own hands does not change his nature as capitalist if he own the land, but in those days he was so poor, so weary of hand and sick of spirit that he imagined himself in precisely the same plight as the hired man, who had nothing save labor to sell. Wages being low, the latter had everything to gain and nothing to lose by alliance with the landlord, and so the political blending of white landlord and white laboring man was complete. Yet the laboring element in the population, exclusive of the land-owning laborers, was small compared with what it is now: when lands are low-priced they are easily acquired and easily held. Besides, the mill operative population was small and the cities

and towns were small—with relatively small numbers of non-owners of homes. The agriculturists were told and believed that 'town men'—lawyers, merchants, and bankers—were their oppressors, and most of them believed it; but of course, everybody knows better now. The latter groups were poor, too—just as many of them, proportionately, as of the farmers, were reduced to bankruptcy—and from the same causes. Depression in agriculture brought poverty and woe to members of every calling in the South, because agriculture was almost the sole basis of Southern wealth. In retrospect, the artificiality of the differences of the nineties is plain, and because they were mere "sound and fury signifying nothing" they did not permanently divide the people. The crimination and recrimination might be ever so blatant and offensive, the ruling political classes of white men were one at heart, though they were unaware of it and denied it to themselves, and they could not array themselves in hostile camps. In spite of contrived antagonisms of fanciful warp and woof, they clung together, not only by reason of racial unity and the negro menace, but by reason of the absence of a true economic difference. A solid body cannot be split by the bursting of percussion caps on the surface.

So soon as the "times got better," the price of cotton going up, the old quarrel was forgotten, and in ninety-nine out of one hundred instances, perhaps, the politicans who fattened while it festered were kicked into submissive obscurity by the voters. But the truth that I stress is that there was one preponderant class, the landowning farmers: all others, professional and business men and laborers, were dependent upon and bound up with them and so small in numbers, power, and influence as to be almost negligible in the electorate; certainly they were not important enough to be separately considered, though a seeming separation was temporarily forced.

Briefly, let us examine the new and changed picture. Instead of a dozen small scattered cotton-mill villages, we have now more than a hundred in this State, some of them large, peopled by many thousand white voters, scarcely any of whom are home-owners and all of them wage-earners—men who have only labor to sell. Without statistics at hand as to the number or increase

in white farm laborers, conditions point unmistakably either to the rapid growth of such a class or else the complete abandonment of the farms to negro labor directed by landlords and overseers. Twenty years ago the man who had a thousand dollars or was able to borrow it, could purchase a productive farm of one hundred acres, as improvements went in those days, in a desirable neighborhood. Now, the one thousand dollars will purchase only ten to twenty acres. Formerly, any able-bodied and industrious young man could become a landlord without heroic exertions. Owners were eager to sell land on any terms. If money was scarce, land was so cheap and abundant that a young man who promised well could buy it, whether or not he had a dollar of capital.

The small farmer suffered less, comparatively, from the depression than the great landlord; his little farm gave him a home; he worked with his own hands, and negro labor was so plentiful and cheap that, if a skilled manager, he could produce cotton at some profit, no matter how low the price. He lived scantily, he endured hardships, and even in the nineties (of course I am speaking now of the exceptionally thrifty and industrious) he saved money. When the price of cotton began to bound up in 1902, he had gained a start, he had an invaluable education in frugality, he knew how to save. Thus, some thousands of men who had no capital twenty years ago are become well-to-do landowners — they are especially numerous in the Piedmont district.

The farmer boy of to-day is afraid to start on twenty acres; he cannot buy a \$5,000 or \$10,000 farm of one hundred or one hundred and fifty acres and he is reduced to the alternatives of leaving the farm, of working on the farm for wages, or of going to a remote district far from schools and railroads, where lands are still cheap. The landlord, whether he have one hundred acres or two thousand, is contented and prosperous. With cotton bringing twelve cents or more a pound, he is almost sure to make ends meet, and, as a rule, he saves money rapidly — with which he buys more land.

The wealthy farmer, reaping a profit of \$5,000 a year, reaches out to a region where the lands are cheap and buys another ten

acres. Having plenty of capital, he improves and develops his added possessions. In a word, we have in the South a quickly growing wealthy landlord class. In some sections, notably in eastern South Carolina, the princely estates of ante-bellum times, which engendered and nourished a beautiful culture, the glory of the 'old South,' are being reproduced on an even more splendid scale. A generation must pass before this regime of planting wealth will be in full flower again, but the signs are that cotton and all farm products will continue indefinitely to command high prices, and that seems to insure its permanence. The natural and inevitable result of high-priced land, if uncorrected, would be more landless men.

Twenty years ago the Southern cities of 10,000 and 20,000 inhabitants had 2,000 and 5,000—notably Florence, Sumter, Spartanburg, and Greenville in South Carolina. Scores of new towns have sprung into prominence and some important new towns have come into being. The bulk of this new urban population is composed of skilled and unskilled laboring men who have only labor to sell—who wish to sell labor high and buy goods cheap.

Now I come to the central thought of this paper: we are in the midst of an industrial revolution; instead of a dominating landowning class, we have two classes of people, landowners and other capitalists (the owners of stores, mills, and shops), and a white wage-earning class, and the latter is swelling immensely in numbers and political potency. Though I have no figures, which I should have, descriptive of the new condition, one has but to look about him to be convinced of the essential truth of my assertion. It is too early to say that the white laborers on the farms (exclusive of landowning laborers) will reach numerical importance, but the drift is in that direction. That the town and village laboring class is large and growing, is the present fact.

Some loose commentator has said that a political revolution is due in South Carolina at the end of thirty-year periods, speaking roundly. If we reckon 1890 as such an event,—and this I deny,—another is to be expected in 1920,—and this I do not prophesy,—but it is reasonable to prophesy that when

next there shall be a cleavage in the body politic in South Carolina, it will be on the lines of capital and labor—the land-owners forming the centre of the capitalistic array and the wage-earners of every sort uniting in opposition.

In 1885 there was, as I have said, the stagnation of despair in politics, to be followed by the commotion among the landowners five years later. In 1910 we have the same stagnation on the part of the landowners, but from an opposite cause. The farmers are not and cannot be aroused to acute political activity, because they are contented; but, if there be no outward unrest on the part of wage-earners now, that is no reason why it may not show itself at any moment. The cost of living to the laborers is heightened as the farmer's prosperity is heightened, at least that is the rule for the moment; as the farmer's happiness intensifies, the struggle becomes sharper and more painful for the consumer of the farmer's products. On this it is as well not to dwell; the hint should be clear enough; almost everybody knows something of the evil that a talented agitator, trammeled with no scruples and with a genius for harangue can do when in a democracy he sniffs office and power, not to mention graft; but I make a short excursion to touch a single aspect of this next upheaval that I have shaped in speculation.

Positively and fully I avow a belief that the race sympathy is so strong among the whites that serious and permanent division with appeal to the negro as an incident cannot take place, at least within this century or the next, on industrial or other grounds. This I assert as a personal belief, to forestall misinterpretation, but there can be no harm in frankly contrasting the conditions of 1890 with this next political rending. The people being essentially of one class in 1890, the differences being of distorted and picturesque exaggeration and on the surface, there was never an actual peril of appeal to the negro vote. Unconsciously, the factions felt the shallowness of their bickering and the great sound, healthy, white body politic held firmly together, though there may have been skin abrasions that smarted. Besides, the people of the South were but fourteen years in front of the dumb agony of actual negro domination. There was but one class of white people in 1890.

With two classes of white people, the danger of coalition by one or the other with a third class apart and aloof (that third class being the negroes), is trebled. This is almost mathematically true—it flows from the multiplication of points of contact. Two of these classes will have in common one of the strongest motives, if not the strongest, known to the human heart—the motive to get the most bread and meat for a day's work. In 1890 nearly all the white people had the common motive of giving the laborers, most of whom were negroes, the least bread and meat for a day's work—they were eager to buy labor cheap and sell products high. Obviously, the conclusion emerges that if any conscienceless demagogue should arise to attempt the destruction of white unity, the way would be clearer for his knavishness than it has been heretofore. In the end he would fail, but he might precipitate some years of uneasiness accompanied with pains and wrenchings to the commonwealth.

Finally, I come to the conclusion that in furthering the industrial development of South Carolina, it is the duty of the press and public alike to address themselves vigorously and diligently to the prevention of the unhappy political division which I have ventured to outline as a looming danger. And this consummation is to be effected by developing the man as the industrial unit. To my mind, a community of 1,000 heads of families owning their own homes is superior in every desirable way to another having 10,000 heads of families of whom 1,000 own homes. The ownership of a home is the sheet-anchor of good citizenship. Increase of town population is a boon, first of all to the real estate holder who has land to sell, and then to the merchant, hotel keeper, and every other capitalist, including the farmer who supplies the town market; but to the wage-earner, who has only labor to sell and its price to buy with, it may be, it usually is, the reverse. Arguing from this premise, the first step should be to encourage, to stimulate, to enable so far as possible, the wage-earner to become a capitalist; that is, to stake himself in the community by buying a home.

Illustratively, it is infinitely more important to help employees in the cotton mills, by educating them, by inducing the formation of building and loan associations and savings banks, and by

drilling them to the uses of these facilities to acquire homes, than it is to induce the building of another cotton mill. I might give a score of illustrations, but the point is not hard to discern — that the problem is to strip the laboring man's task of every hampering and hindering difficulty and to strengthen him morally through the schools and by other means, so that the number of men who have something besides their hands shall be steadily and rapidly increased. That, above all other agencies, will fortify the commonwealth against the devilment of the demagogue.

It is a common practice to rail with more or less coherence and a good deal of meaningless fine frenzy about 'trusts,' but the monster trust is the land trust. When the land prices have mounted so high that the poor cannot own farms and the broad acres are in the hands of the few, as in most of the old countries, the chances of the average man to better his condition shrink to a pitiable thinness. That is why immigrants come to America. The task, then, and it is one of the chief tasks confronting the State, is to make the landless South Carolinian a landlord; and the way to do this is to educate him to be an expert farmer, so that he may earn a comfortable livelihood on ten, fifteen, or twenty-five acres — such a farm as any strong young man may hope to purchase and pay for. In Holland, in France, and other countries, a body of land containing twenty-five acres is a farm of more than respectable size, and there is no reason why South Carolina should not have thousands and tens of thousands of farms of this description.

When the man has been industrially developed so that he shall share as he ought to share in the resources of the State, the germs of political evil in him are eradicated. If there be approaching in the distance the flames of a political revolution started by the ignition of the laboring man's discontent, the wise policy is to start a counter flame to meet it, check it, and overcome it, by helping to convert him into a small capitalist, into a homeowner in the town or a landowning farmer in the country.

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HENRY FIELDING, CRITIC

The attitude of the average reader of Fielding is not unlike that of Minos, Judge of the Dead, in a conversation which Fielding, in "A Journey from this World to the Next," relates as having taken place between that dread personage and a spirit applying for admittance to Elysium, who told the judge he believed his works would speak for him. "'What works?' answered Minos. 'My dramatic works,' replied the other, 'which have done so much good in recommending virtue and punishing vice.' 'Very well,' said the judge, 'if you please to stand by, the first person who passes the gate by your means shall carry you in with him; but if you will take my advice, I think, for expedition sake, you had better return and live another life upon earth.' The bard grumbled at this, and replied, that besides his poetical works, he had done some other good things: for that he had once lent the whole profits of a benefit-night to a friend, and by that means had saved him and his family from destruction. Upon this the gate flew open, and Minos desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the remembrance of his plays."

The "other good things" which Fielding himself did have saved him, too; and "for expedition sake" as well as for virtue's sake the world is generally quite willing to spare the remembrance of his plays, and to admit the author into its affections because of his abiding goodness of heart and his deep-veined humanity. But these twenty-five plays with their prefaces, dedications, and prologues, although little read to-day and, as compared with the novels, forming a negligible part of Fielding's work, reveal, along with the volume of journals and essays—not to mention the utterances of the Westminster justice of the peace—a censor and critic of no inconsiderable power. To these productions, written in the sanguine years when the young man had faith in satire as an instrument of reform, we must turn for an understanding of his attitude towards contemporary and preceding dramatists. For his more general

critical opinions, the maturer utterances in the prefatory chapters to the various 'books' of *Tom Jones* are to be consulted. But before considering these general views and before pointing out specifically the drift of Fielding's criticism of dramatic conditions in his own time and the traditions which gave rise to them, it may be well to recall for a moment just what these conditions were when Fielding went up to London to seek his fortune.

The second quarter of the eighteenth century was a period of low level in the drama. The old forms were virtually played out: nobody took them seriously. They held the boards by grace of inheritance and traditional good will. The old 'wit-trap' comedy of Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh had fallen upon days when the artificial subtleties of Restoration manners had given way to a more realistic dramatic utterance reflecting the feelings of the larger body of English society. The sentimental and ethical elements — often somewhat maudlin and rather painfully didactic, to be sure, but none the less significant as voicing a revolt — were manifest in Steele and Lillo. The middle class was beginning to take stock in theatrical matters, for so long a monopoly of the court circle, and the newer comedy was adapted to bourgeois taste. So far as the old comedy held its own, it was mainly by sufferance. And this was all the more so of the Heroic Drama, which to this new generation was ridiculously unreal with its rant and fustian.

Against all this inherited mass of Restoration foolery the saner common-sense of the Georgian period with its nascent commercialism and humanitarianism revolted. As usual in times of reaction, conditions became somewhat chaotic — the older forms persisted by the side of the new native product and the importations from France and Italy. Adaptations from Shakespeare and the later Elizabethans together with imitations of the Restoration comedy held the stage whenever Italian opera and the puppet-shows permitted. Add to this the large number of farces and burlesques hitting off local extravagances and picturesque personalities of the day cleverly acted and loudly applauded — and you get the dramatic *mélange* into which young Fielding happened. It was a time of poor plays and clever

acting, the days of Cibber's decline and Garrick's rising glory. There was distinctly an eddy in the dramatic current which did not flow smoothly on again till the days of Goldsmith and Sheridan.

Henry Fielding brought to his work a mind well trained in the classics, an acquaintance with French literature of the Louis XIV period, with Cervantes, with Shakespeare, and with the writers of the Restoration Drama. Indeed, he had read, not as a critical scholar but as a man of the world with his eyes on life, the best known writers of ancient and modern times. Endowed with high natural spirits and irrepressible animal vigor, he threw himself into life with an immense gusto. The perfect abandon of those earlier years of apprenticeship is nowhere more fully shown than in the plays which he dashed off while he was learning the town, trying all sorts of hack-work, organizing theatrical companies, studying law, and doing in general a variety of 'low' things to make the thoughtless laugh and the judicious grieve.

A foe to all kinds of affectation, social and literary, he entered with enthusiasm into the conflict between decadent forces in which survived the spirit of the seventeenth century drama popularized by an element of foreign vaudeville, and the newer movement for a more realistic middle-class drama with its sentimental and ethical vein. Beginning his dramatic career as an imitator of Congreve, he soon deserted his model for a species of composition in which he could more directly satirize not only the dramatic but also the political abuses of the day. In this short burlesque farce Fielding attacked the old Restoration tragedy or current politics, but notwithstanding the professedly moral purpose of his plays, neither his own nor later times have taken him seriously as a preacher of righteousness.

While Fielding's genius was essentially dramatic in the broader sense, his wit was too clumsy for success in the Congrevian comedy, his sense of realism too keen for success in romantic drama, and his humor too riotously satirical for sustained achievement in sentimental and ethical performances such as Steele's. Fielding lacked deftness of touch; the flesh always got the better of the spirit, and he spoiled his dramatic

economy by a kind of riotous mental life which reflected his normal physical state. So it has come about that he is remembered not as a dramatist, but as a rather rollicking censor of the follies of his own and preceding generations in two or three quite clever dramatic extravaganzas wherein he has pilloried several literary, theatrical, and political worthies—John Dryden, Colley Cibber, Robert Walpole—for the amusement and professed betterment of his own time.

Fielding addressed no select audience of learned aristocrats; to him 'human nature' did not mean court nature with its set conventions, but rather the free man nearer to nature in the country than in the city. Entertaining such a view he naturally did not sympathize with those old-fashioned critics of his day who were constantly in dread of the introduction of a low element into literature. Out of this essentially democratic attitude of mind comes his notion of an author's relation to the public: "An author ought to consider himself not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money. . . . The provision, then, which we have here made, is no other than Human Nature."

The three prime qualifications of authorship, according to Fielding, are Genius, Learning, and Experience. Without these no man can treat adequately of Human Nature:—Genius, "the gift of heaven" to be nourished by art; Learning, to correct and restrain; and Experience, to assure fidelity to human life. Fielding invokes Experience as the most vital of the three: "Experience long conversant with the wise, the good, the learned, and the polite; nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the minister at his levee, to the bailiff in his sponging-house; from the duchess at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From these only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluse pedant, however great his parts or extensive his learning may be, has ever been a stranger."

Nature must be copied at first hand, and that means a knowledge of the world, Fielding would say, which is gained only by conversation: "The manners of every rank must be seen in order to be known." He disliked the slavish imitation of

models in the pseudo-classic fashion. Characters thus drawn, he says, "are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor spirit of an original." *Back to Nature!* is Fielding's cry: "No author ought to write anything but dictionaries and spelling-books who has not the privilege of admission behind the scenes of this great theatre of Nature."

For the neo-classical fetich, *The Laws of the Three Unities*, Fielding has as little respect as he shows for decorum or the time-honored five-act division of a play:

"Who ever demanded the reasons of that nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic poetry? What critic has ever been asked, Why a play may not contain two days as well as one? or why the audience may not be wafted fifty miles as well as five? Has any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an ancient critic has set to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor less than five acts? or has any one living attempted to explain what the modern judges of our theatre mean by that word Low; by which they have happily succeeded in banishing all humor from the stage and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing room? . . . It is difficult to conceive that any one should have had enough of impudence to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or science without the least foundation."

This attack on the 'rules' leads Fielding into a discussion of the evolution and duties of a critic. He goes on to say (and we fancy he is thinking of his own critics) that at first the critic was a mere clerk transcribing the rules laid down by great judges whose vast productive genius gave them the right to make laws which they themselves had intuitively exemplified. In those times the critic was humble, a simple interpreter of genius. "But in process of time and in ages of ignorance the clerk began to invade the power and assume the dignity of his master; the laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic: the clerk became the legislator, and those very peremptorily gave laws whose business it was at first only to transcribe them." Naturally these shallow dictators soon mistook mere form for substance, following the letter of the law instead of the spirit.

All this resulted in the magnifying into essentials of certain accidentals in great writers, which time and ignorance made to constitute their chief merits. To curb or restrain genius in such a manner is like asserting that man can dance best in chains. And so, Fielding concludes, critics have been unduly complimented by the world as being men of much greater profundity than they really are.

Boileau had followed the ancients because their laws were founded on common-sense, nature, and reason. And later on, Lessing, a younger contemporary of Fielding, brushing aside modern accretions, especially French accretions, went back Luther-fashion to the original text-book of his literary faith. It would, however, be too much to say that Fielding had any notion of returning to the ancients for any *modus scribendi*. The ancients are all very well, he would say, and I have learned a great deal from them and I have great respect for them, but as to their hard-and-fast rules of making plays and other fiction —well, as Molière has remarked on more than one occasion, *nous avons changé tout cela*. The ancients had their boat, Fielding had his: *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Indeed, Fielding was too "fond of his pipe and shirt-sleeves," as Sir Leslie Stephen puts it, to be very classically decorous, his sense of humor too regnant to promote polite behavior with the gods and goddesses, with whom he delights to play all sorts of odd tricks. The realism among the ancients he found and admired; the rest he left alone to logic-choppers of the Chapelain type, while for consistent English classicists like Rymer the "judicious" he had the same ironical disdain as for the sentimental preacher of virtue-for-revenue whose *Pamela* moved him to Homeric laughter.

One "new vein of knowledge" Fielding claimed to have discovered, or at least to have used first: "This vein is no other than contrast which runs through all the works of creation, and may probably have a large share in constituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial." On this principle he defends the use of prefatory chapters in *Tom Jones*, "soporific parts or so many serious scenes artfully interwoven, in order to contrast and set off the rest." And this "soporific" injection,

by the way, reminds us of Pope's line—"Sleepless himself to give his readers sleep."

But, after all, such use of contrast was not entirely new; for Fielding's readers, if there was any Parson Adams or Dr. Garrison among them, perhaps felt in these prolegomena a reminiscence of the Greek chorus rather whimsically transformed into a little prose commentary.

After Fielding's caustic remarks on critics in general and his insistence on experience among all sorts and conditions of men as essential to vital authorship, it is interesting to know what critics he mentions most and how far his admiration for them goes. It must be understood, however, that the attack already mentioned was, for the most part, on contemporary critics who, as Fielding seemed to think, had banded together to damn his productions, and that without having taken the trouble to read them. Their use of the monosyllable 'low' particularly offended him, a word, as he somewhere remarks, "which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not right honourable." Against these indiscriminating critics his anger is never appeased. But there is a noble group of critics to whose labors Fielding declares the commonwealth of letters to be greatly indebted: "Such were Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients; Dacier and Bossu among the French; and some perhaps among us, who have certainly been duly authorized to execute at least a judicial authority *in foro literario*."

That pronouncement has a pseudo-classical sound, but it is to be noted what influential names are omitted in the mention of French critics; and it is also noteworthy how cautiously and tentatively Fielding refers to English critics. So far as I can recall, he nowhere refers to the critical opinions of Dryden, who doubtless stood in Fielding's mind as the chief exponent of a very absurd species of tragedy. For Pope he seems to have had considerable regard, due perhaps to Pope's Horatian "Essay on Criticism" and his translation of Fielding's favorite ancient poet, Homer. Doubtless his liking for the Dacier name may be explained through Mme. Dacier's strong Homeric sympathies; for in the account of that famous Sappho-Orpheus concert which Fielding attended in Elysium he found Mme. Dacier

sitting in Homer's lap and Pope standing by the poet's side. Moreover, Pope's and Swift's warfare on the pedants of their day somewhat endeared these two men to Fielding, who disliked pedantry as much as Molière. Certainly it is difficult to see what affinity Fielding had for Le Bossu with his ultra didacticism, that element which Fielding so strongly objected to in Steele's plays. Fielding's utterance about this "noble group" of critics is in the main the traditional one. Of Aristotle he speaks in one place somewhat slightly; Horace's common-sense pleased him; but for Longinus he several times expresses genuine admiration. Longinus may therefore be regarded as his favorite among ancient critics. It is somewhat strange that he makes no mention of Boileau, who was not unlike Fielding in his insistence on Common-sense as the steady quality of genius.

Towards the Rules Fielding was supremely indifferent, too indifferent ever to attack them very specifically, for into the polemics of criticism he did not enter. For pedantry and all forms of hypocrisy he had infinite sarcasm, and for human frailty tolerant sympathy. In this larger view of Human Nature he links himself through a sense of relativity in history and life with Saint-Évremond, Bayle, and Molière, but of all these he is most akin in temperament and expression to Molière. Fielding, then, is a naturalist as opposed to the dogmatists and sentimentalists of the eighteenth century.

So much for the general critical opinions of Fielding. We turn now to consider his attitude towards the Drama of his own and Restoration times. But, first, a few words on Fielding's regard for Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and his relation to the Molière comedy will make clearer the criticism of Fielding on his own contemporaries. In Shakespeare he found no wild and irregular genius, but the sanest of mortals, who searchingly read the human heart; and his anger was hot against those who cut and slashed the master's plays to suit their own little ideas of dramatic propriety, while he laughed at quibbling commentators who darkened counsel with words without knowledge. There is some delightful irony in that little scene in *Elysium* where Fielding represents Shakespeare as standing silent between

Betterton and Booth while the discussion waxes warm about the placing of an accent in one of his famous lines. At last being appealed to, the poet replied: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my works; for I am sure, if any of these be my meaning, it doth me very little honor." And so to inquiries on other ambiguities Shakespeare said with some warmth: "I marvel at nothing so much as that men will gird themselves at discovering obscure beauties in an author. Certes the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking: and when two meanings of a passage can in the least balance our judgments which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of them is worth a farthing."

Fielding had a great liking for Ben Jonson, quite natural in view of the kinship of their temperaments in several particulars. Fielding had a keen eye for 'humours,' too, besides the ability to devise telling situations. Both were classically trained, and in both flowed a deep current of satire. But Fielding was less dogmatic than Jonson and more of a naturalist. Neither could write romantic drama or skillfully work out a tragedy until it became a human document.

To Molière more than to any other writer of plays, it seems to me, was Fielding related in his nature and outlook on life. Both attacked in one way or another the worship of the neo-classic and pseudo-classic rules, both warred on pedantry, both fought all pretensions whether private or public and satirized abuses, both had a feeling for appreciative criticism; both, in a word, were naturalists and practically impressionistic in their criticism. Fielding had more respect for the ancients than Molière and more regard for learning, considering other qualifications necessary for the critic than the ordinary accomplishments of the well-bred man of the world. Fielding does not, in general, appear to be so radical a critic as Molière. In their broad humanity, at times almost descending into buffoonery, much to the disgust of stately sticklers for classic decorum, they belong to that type of genius ..nich is at the same time the

wisest and most human. Though lacking the subtle and delicate wit of the French dramatist, Fielding touched him in temperament and best knew how to interpret him to his own time. And this he did in adaptations, almost amounting to translations, of at least two of Molière's plays, while he reflected Molière's influence in many burlesque farces. All these pieces, indeed, both in their avowed purpose and informing spirit reveal a genius for adaptation possible only when the translator is related in taste and temperament to the original author.

Fielding's criticism of dramatic conditions from the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century may be summed up under three heads: (1) Ridicule of the so-called Heroic Drama of Dryden, Lee, Rowe, Addison, Young, Thomson, and Phillips; (2) A protest against adaptations of Shakespeare; (3) Attacks on Italian and French importations.

The stiff formality and inflated bombast of the Restoration tragedy had been carefully imitated in Fielding's day until rant and fustian came to be regarded as essentially the style for serious plays. Fielding and others were full of sincere laughter and good-natured contempt at this species of dramatic fraud. Not only had tragic writing utterly departed from nature, but tragic acting too had an utterance all its own, neither human nor divine, though there was much fine talk about the gods and fate. To burlesque this fantastic dramatic form, a relic of the courtly artificial stage, Fielding in 1731 wrote *Tom Thumb*, or with its full title—*The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*; and in 1732 *The Covent Garden Tragedy*, intended as a satire on Ambrose Phillips's *Distressed Mother*, which was a popular adaptation of Racine's *Andromaque*.

The long preface by "H. Scriblerus Secundus" prefixed to *Tom Thumb* contains much pedantic quotation from Aristotle, Horace, Cicero, and other ancient worthies in the Bentley fashion to show how well the tragedy of *Tom Thumb* conforms in technique and utterance to ancient and modern canons. The Aristotelian division of the play into Fable, Moral, Characters, Sentiments, and Diction is applied to *Tom Thumb*, the Moral of which is explained to be "that human happiness is exceedingly transient, and that death is the certain end of all men: the

former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter by that of all the other personages." As to Diction: "That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be), it will necessarily follow that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understanding which will comprehend everything within its reach."

Horace is quoted to prove "that bombast is the proper language for joy and doggerel for grief" (!). And, finally, Cicero's famous "*Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quam sonitus inanis, nulla subjecta sententia neque scientia?*" is happily rendered: "What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big-sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning?"

The Covent Garden Tragedy is also preceded by a long preface in which Fielding ironically analyzes the play with the following definition of tragedy as a basis: "A tragedy is a thing of five acts, written dialogue-wise, consisting of several fine similes, metaphors, and moral phrases, with here and there a speech upon liberty. It must contain an action, characters, sentiments, diction, and a moral." He goes on to show, after the manner of his own critics, that this play has none of these, and is, in general, very 'low.'

But other burlesques besides Fielding's were appearing, for the antics of the stock tragedy-actors before high heaven had made the old Heroic Drama a subject for infinite jest. Carey's *Chrononhotonthologos* is perhaps the most famous of these. Such lines as the following are quite in the *Tom Thumb* manner:—

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man that calls it be the caller,
And in his calling let him nothing call
But coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach, ye gods!

Better still is the scene where the warrior, having ascended to heaven on the piled-up bodies of the slain, refuses an invitation from the gods to enter as a reward for his heroic deeds because he is summoned to earth by the eyes of his mistress. Such strokes of humor as these of Fielding and Carey demolished the tottering structure of pseudo-tragedy.

Colley Cibber, poet-laureate, actor, and playwright, came in

for the largest share of Fielding's satire against Shakespeare—profanation, as Fielding regarded the doing-over of the master's plays. Against Cibber, it will be recalled, there already existed a personal grudge because of a quarrel about theatrical companies, a circumstance which added gall to Fielding's attacks. The laureate's bad grammar in his famous *Apology* together with his carpentering of Shakespeare tragedy to fit the stage of his own playhouse moved Fielding to make some caustic remarks on that melodramatic personage. For the first offence Cibber (who had, moreover, referred to Fielding in the *Apology* as a "broken wit") was vigorously criticised in *The Champion* and then subjected to a mock-trial for murdering the English language "with a certain weapon called a goose-quill." Another *jeu d'esprit* against Cibber is found in *Pasquin*, a play full of Fielding's personal raillery of political opponents. This time sport is made of Cibber's inferior poetic ability. One of the court candidates, who has various offices at his disposal, asks a certain voter what he would like.

Voter.—I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

Lord Place.—Sack, say you? Odso! You shall be Poet-Laureate.

Voter.—No, my Lord: I am no poet; I can't make verses.

Lord P..—No matter for that, you will be able to make odes.

Voter.—Odes, my Lord! what are those?

Lord P..—Faith, sir, I can't tell what they are, but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

In another place Fielding had criticised Cibber for prefixing so much Latin and Greek to his plays, as if he were profoundly learned in the classics and by implication in the oriental tongues as well! "I myself heard a gentleman reading one of his odes cry out, 'Why, this is all Hebrew!'"

But the most serious charge against Colley Cibber was that he made a business of mangling Shakespeare. For this sin he is introduced in *The Historical Register*, Fielding's political drama, under the name of *Ground-Ivy* in a dialogue with Apollo:

[Enter *Ground-Ivy*.]

Ground Ivy.—What are you doing here?

Apollo.—I am casting the parts in the tragedy of King John.

Ground I..—Then you are casting the parts in a tragedy that won't do.

Apollo.—How, Sir! Was it not written by Shakespeare? And was not Shakespeare one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived?

Ground I.—No, Sir; Shakespeare was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough; King John as now writ will not do. But a word in your ear—I will make him.

Apollo.—How?

Ground I.—By alteration, Sir: it was a maxim of mine when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, tho' ever so good, would do without alteration.

The immediate occasion, however, of this attack, it may be remembered, was a recent production of Cibber's ridiculous version of *King John* under the name of *Papal Tyranny*.

Garrick's successful attempt to restore Shakespeare to the stage in his correct form delighted Fielding's soul. So indignant was he at any tampering with the master's words that even the conscientious efforts of rather dull commentators to be certain of the dramatists' meaning brought forth a volley of execrations on their devoted heads.

It is, however, in his attack on the degenerate taste which welcomed the motley crowd of French and Italian opera-singers, dancers, tumblers, and jugglers upon the English stage that Fielding fairly revels in invectives. The decadent patriotism which would lead his countrymen to neglect the legitimate drama of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar for these foreign frivolities, is held up to scorn with the zeal of a reformer who protests so much as to cause a suspicion that he himself was smarting from personal neglect. The fact is, some of his own dramas are no better than the entertainments he satirizes; and the only circumstance which saves him from the accusation of having introduced an operatic element in his own plays to catch the popular taste, is the adapting of the numerous songs to native airs.

In the prologue to *The Universal Gallant* he pleads with the public for a share of their favor in what he elsewhere calls "this Gothic leaden age:"

But if our strokes be general and nice,
If tenderly we laugh you out of vice,
Do not your native entertainments leave;
Let us at least our share of smiles receive,
Nor, while you censure us, keep all your boons
For soft *Italian* airs, and *French* buffoons.

In "An Epistle to Mrs. Clive" prefixed to *The Intriguing Chambermaid*, Fielding laments the tendency of the time "to sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fondness for foreign music; when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other in distinguishing themselves in favor of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own."

It is hardly likely that Fielding looked with complacence upon the success of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, that clever imitation of a foreign fashion that in one form or another has long ago become thoroughly domesticated.

John Rich, whom Fielding so soundly berated in *The Champion* as the great machinist of puppet shows, was satirized in the unsuccessful extravaganza *Tumble-down Dick; or Phaeton in the Suds*, another mock-classic performance burlesquing the pantomimes and spectacles then in vogue. But these comic diatribes seem not to have had any perceptible effect on the popular craze for spectacular entertainment; and before long Henry Fielding quitted the rôle of dramatic reformer for that of a painter of human nature in fresher fields.

The drift of all this protest against degrading foreign elements in the native drama may be found in one of the songs in *Don Quixote in England*, that odd attempt to anglicize Fielding's favorite Cervantesian hero:

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers good:
Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.

And the delightful irony about this patriotic outburst is that it occurs in the midst of an imitation of a foreign classic for home entertainment! Such is the humorous inconsistency of this very human critic.

Fielding's patriotic zeal for purging the national stage of low foreign stuff and for purifying politics by exposing the glaring abuses of the Walpole government being chilled by the interference of Sir Robert himself after the presentation of *Pasquin* and *The Historical Register*, the caustic young reformer dis-

banded his motley Haymarket company and turned to the study of the law. Indeed, it was time that a dose of legal tonic should be administered to a patient suffering from a species of emotional orgy into which, both by temperament and association he, like Tom Jones, was periodically in danger of lapsing. The fact is, Fielding's sympathies sometimes interfered with his critical judgments. For sincerity of temperament and really virtuous utterance, however, he had the appreciative enthusiasm of a Romantic critic; praise in such cases was a genuine delight to him. As an example of this may be cited his tribute to George Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity*, which, he says, "is inferior only to Shakespeare's best pieces." A remarkable utterance truly about so commonplace a sentimentalist as the author of *George Barnwell*. But Lillo's simplicity of appeal together with his philanthropical life found in Henry Fielding an enthusiastic response.

Moreover, it must be remembered in any estimate of Fielding the Critic that he professed a distinctly moral purpose along with entertainment in much of his own writing. Thus in *The Covent Garden Journal*:—"Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings whose business it is only to excite laughter; this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed, and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind. . . . When wit and humour are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point; . . . but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction, is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon.

"When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives."

Certainly Dr. Johnson himself, who called Fielding a "black-guard" and very "low" at that, could not have objected to such didactic pabulum as this; and Samuel Richardson, who told

Sarah Fielding that he was "equally surprised and concerned" at her brother's "continual lowness," would have agreed with such virtuous declarations. But the truth is, Henry Fielding is never at his best as a preacher of moral purpose in literature, or he would not have created so much good literature. His practice is vastly better than his theory, and his very human frailty is his saving grace.

Nowhere is Fielding's keen observant wit better displayed than in *A Modern Glossary* (*Covent Garden Journal*, No. 4) where he exposes in one-line definitions the social and literary affectations of the day. "*Critic*, like *homo*, is a name common to all the human race." Fielding speaks feelingly. "*Humour*—Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on the rope." "*Knowledge*—In general, means knowledge of the town; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world." A hit at the old "human-nature critics." "*Learning*—pedantry." "*Patriot*—A candidate for a place at court." "*Politics*—The art of getting such a place." "*Taste*—The present whim of the town, whatever it be." "*Wit*—Profane-ness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimickry, buffoonery. Abuse of all good men and especially of the clergy."

To the later school of French critics who preach the gospel of heredity, climate, and environment, Henry Fielding is troublesome. He cannot be "accounted for" scientifically and labeled "product," because he was too whimsically human and individual. So Taine reads him a lecture on indecorum, calls him and Tom and the rest amiable buffaloes, and concludes, with a shoulder-shrug, that he is the right kind of hero for a nation named John Bull! Indeed, this type of hero must have been powerful and formidable to the law and order critics who were hunting for regularity and conformity. "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist," said Emerson, and Fielding has had his lashing for non-conformity; for he was a giant Realist full of mad freaks and daring gymnastics, mighty protagonist in a Human Comedy where men of blood wrestled with anemic folk of Restoration traditions.

Fielding brought English criticism back to nature and common-sense, after its captivity in the box-tree walks of the

pseudo-classical garden. Out of this trim park of withering exotics he with laughter rather than with song led his people into the open fields. He knew the town, and he knew the average man. Who in the eighteenth century, Whitman-like, wrote so heartily —

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action formed under laws divine,
The Modern Man?

A pioneer, then, was Fielding, of modern realistic and appreciative criticism, experimentally knowing many sides of human life, and daring as he himself said, —

To view and judge and speak men as they are.

And yet his sense of relativity was hardly more than nascent as compared with the efflorescence of that sense in our day. Besides, his brain was so traced over with classical imagery that somehow there got into his plays a fantastic blending of the old and new — an English tavern atmosphere chilled by a breath from the twilight regions of the ancient gods. Men, indeed, he knew better than books, even better than his law-books; but the books that saved him from classicism were those healthy life-preservers, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière. His deep knowledge of human nature was, after all has been said, his best equipment as a critic; for his criticism, while not always original, is in the main refreshingly vital.

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ABRAHAM À SANCTA CLARA

It is a somewhat melancholy commentary on human fame that the eloquent Augustinian monk, whose pulpit utterances were listened to so eagerly in seventeenth century Germany, is now remembered by the general reader principally because Schiller chose to make him a character in *Wallenstein's Lager*. At the close of scene seven of that drama, in the course of a riotous dance of soldiers and sutler's women, a trooper in pursuit of a fleeing girl runs into a Capuchin friar who is just entering. The indignant Father bursts into one of the most extraordinary harangues in literature. The army is made the object of the fiercest invective, but the bitterness of the attack does not prevent the speaker's interlarding it with learned allusions, wonderful turns of syntax, and the most formidable array of puns:

..... "Ubi erit victoriae spes
Si offenditur Deus? How can you be winners
If sermon and mass know not your face
And you lie all day in the tavern, O sinners ?
The woman in the Gospel tale
Found her lost penny at last again,
Saul found his father's asses again,
And Joseph found his gentle brothers ;
But he who seeks in a soldier's mind
God's fear and gentle thoughts to find,
And shame, will never meet a tittle,
And a hundred lamps will help but little.
When the preacher preached in the desert of old
(In the Gospels we find the story told),
The soldiers with the others prized
His word, repented, and were baptized,
Asked of him, *Quid faciemus?* What
Shall the soldiers do that we perish not?
Et ait illis, he answered then :
Neminem concutiatis,
Rob not nor plague your fellow-men,
Neque calumnium faciatis,
The tongue of slander be it tied ;
Contenti estote, be satisfied
Stipendiis vestris, with what they pay you ;
From sin and evil habits stay you—"

Alas, how different are the soldiery of to-day, laments the friar, in verbal conceits that are impossible of translation. They break every commandment, and are a curse to the land; and worst of all is their ungodly captain.—But the soldiery, who listen with indulgent amusement to his strictures against themselves, mutiny at this attack on their beloved leader, and the monk is forced to a dignified withdrawal, though he cries his message boldly as he retreats.

If this monk is Father Abraham,—and he can scarcely be another, for whole sections of the harangue are only versified modernizations of his writings,—Schiller has, unintentionally perhaps, been somewhat unjust to the memory of the old preacher-reformer. Father Abraham was sometimes preacher and frequently reformer, but he was much more. The Latin citation at the beginning of the passage I have translated from Schiller is really the text of Abraham's *Soldaten-Predigt*; and with the violence of his onslaught on a state of society that merited all his violence, the preacher mingles an earnestness of appeal that becomes at times almost pathetic and tender. God cannot bless and help an army that does not honor His name and His commandments. If you would purify the world of the Infidel you must first purify your own hearts and lives. . . . The preacher lacked taste, perhaps, but he did not lack a serious desire to make the world better.

Hans Ulric Megerle, or Megerlin, was born in the little village of Kreenheinstetten, in what is now Baden, in 1642. As the eighth child of a country innkeeper, his opportunities for education and worldly prominence were small, had he not chosen the only way of escape from his humble position, and entered the Church, the one democratic institution of the age. We have glimpses of the man's childhood surroundings all through his literary remains, and though one of the most learned men of his generation, he is constantly giving evidence of his humble origin. It may be more curious than significant, but the temptation is irresistible to set together his statement from the *Judas* that the resurrection of Christ was reported first to women in order that it might be sure to be well published, and the evidence of the records that his mother was a noisy chatterbox who was fined

several times for improper use of her tongue. Father Abraham's rude eloquence may thus have been to some degree inherited, but he seems never to have suffered in like manner from it. When he was Court preacher at Vienna, the Emperor and all his Court flocked to hear him, though he railed at their vices with unrestrained boldness; and caustically witty as he might wax at the expense of the feminine character, his confessional was always eagerly frequented by women.

At an early age he joined the Barefoot Augustinians, and he seems to have remained an absolutely consistent member of that order till his death. He was recognized at once as a remarkable preacher, and his advancement was very rapid. He held successively the most important positions to which an Augustinian monk was eligible. He was Prior of his Order, Court preacher also, as we have said, to His Majesty Leopold I in Vienna; and, says the Augustinian chronicle: "*Nullum erat religionis officium, cui non prudenter praeerat, nulla onerosa dignitas, cui non humiles humeros subiecit.*"—"There was no office in the Order which he did not prudently administer, no burdensome dignity to which he did not bow his humble shoulders." He died in 1709, still full of mental vigor, easily the first among the German Catholic clergy,—nobly closing a successful life. His only foes are his religious opponents and some literary critics of later generations, neither of which facts is by any means sufficient to damn him.

The testimony of contemporaries proves him greater as a preacher than we of the present generation find him as a writer. The priest Fessmann, in his *Conversations in the Kingdom of the Dead*, makes Pope Innocent XII say to him: "I have been told that your writings are genuine nags, on which a great part of the Catholic priests ride, or to speak more plainly, that your writings serve the Roman Catholic priests as a pattern and model, after which they cut their sermons." He possessed the gift of holding and raising his hearers' attention to a climax, as no other preacher of his time possessed it. His faults, in the pulpit as well as elsewhere, are the faults of his age. Dr. P. E. Schmidt says of him,—and this sentence is the truest ever written about him: "He gave his age what it needed, in the form

it wanted." He has left a vigorous defence of learning: "A man without knowledge is like a soldier without a sword, like a field without rain; a man without knowledge is like a sky without a star, like a nut without a kernel. God himself cannot stomach an ass." He is no coarser than his pet aversion Luther. When he says to the soldiers in the *Soldaten-Predigt*, "Another commandment is: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' This commandment you keep as well as an ape keeps red-hot nut-shells," there is a terrible justice in his jocoseness that strikes home more powerfully than black-browed denunciation. We can show his characteristic faults and virtues, and furnish at the same time an idea of his theory and purpose as a moralist, by translating a few lines from the "Ad Lectorem" that precedes the *Judas*:

"In this first part I have mingled story and poem with other moral points of instruction, for which reason I believe very well that some serious *Catones* or *Platones* will wrinkle the nose at some lines herein contained, maintaining that it is without rime or reason to bind Dagon to the Sacred Ark, and fables to the Divine Word. In this case I will justify myself no longer with *H. Gregorio Turonensi*, *lib. 2*, with *Belluacensi in Spec. Moral.*, *part. 3*, *lib. 13.*, *Dist. 10.*, with *Stengelio*, *Cornelio*, *Drexelio*, who also used fables often: but my God, as the perfect searcher of souls, knows how far I have mingled in such things to another goal and end than to charm to the good the present mostly shameless and lawless world, which can be caught with no other bait than this. Be all that as it may: that Peter drew a fish out of the sea with a hook and found a piece of money in his mouth, that I can well believe: but that he caught him without a fly or a worm, that I do not believe. Who then will baptize me nuisance because I sometimes mingle flies and crickets in my writings, with which I seek only to catch some?"

Who indeed? It was the Apostle Paul who said,— and we might have been sure beforehand that our alert and well-read apologist of 'popular' preaching would remind us of it: "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

During the Plague of 1679 the monk was shut up for months

in the castle of the Lower Austrian Count Johann Balthasar Hoyos. It was perhaps less the terrible occasion than his enforced leisure that made a writer of him. The two books, *Merks Wien* and *Lösch Wien* are appeals to the stricken nation to pray for the souls of those whose sufferings have ended in death, and to change a way of living that has provoked so terrible an exhibition of Divine displeasure. His most considerable work is *Judas, the Arch-Scoundrel*, the composition of which required ten years. It is merely a loosely-strung series of exhortations, more or less directly suggested by events in the apocryphal life of the unfaithful disciple. He remembered his literary theory in framing his titles. There is "Gack, gack, gack, gack-a-ga from a Wonderful Hen." There is the "Nest of Fools," which suggests Sebastian Brant's better known work, *The Ship of Fools*. There are "Holy Salmagundi" and the "Spiritual Grocery." There is "Hi! and Fie! to the World. Hi! or Encouragement to all Seemly Virtues; Fie! or Denoucino of all Shameful Vices." Whatever the title, and whatever the ostensible character of the book, it is never anything other than a collection of picturesque exhortations: and strangely enough, the later collections are quite equal to the earlier ones. An unscrupulous borrower of other men's wit and imagery, the Father is himself one of the most inexhaustible sources of new figures, and scholars are finding that many words and turns of speech which have been attributed to later writers are really of his coinage.

It was, of course, inevitable that Pater Abraham should be soon forgotten by the general readers even of his own country, but the fact just cited is evidence of his influence on other writers. Schiller calls him a "splendid original," and in a letter to Goethe apropos the *Wallenstein* harangue of which we have translated a part, says of his version that it was "an interesting and by no means easy task to surpass or even equal him in his mixture of madness and sound good sense;" and Goethe responded in terms of cordial appreciation. It is unfortunate that his biographer, Bobertag, chooses to qualify him as a "joker" (*Spassmacher*), and that the critic Scherer, whose estimates of German writers generally become pretty much the estimates of

the second-hand critics, sees fit to attack him with such thoroughly Protestant bitterness. It would seem as if a careful reading of even a few pages taken at random from his work would discover a literary skill that is more than buffoonery and a serious purpose that is more than desire for applause. It is unfortunately true that such a serious reading is not the easiest matter in the world, although he is not as hard to read as most of his contemporaries; but annotated modernizations are obtainable, notably Dr. Dertsch's *Blütenlese aus Abrahams Werke* (Herder, Freiburg, 1910); and as the feast which the worthy Father provides is very much alike wherever you cut into it, such a selection will serve anyone but a specialist very nicely.

There has been a revival of interest in Father Abraham this year, accompanying the erection of a monument in his little home village of Kreenheinstetten. Men who are both good and gifted are not so numerous in this world that we can afford to neglect them, be their opinions never so different from ours. Father Abraham is worth study; he has estimated his work well, if confidently, in the little stanza that follows (for he was poet as well as exhorter):

This my doctrine striketh home,
Though it be a scourge to some,
None but gain from what it teacheth.
We will bear us as I tell,
You and I: he doeth well
Who can practice what he preacheth.

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CONTEMPORARY DRAMA AS A REFLECTION OF MODERN LIFE

Since the days of our childhood, when some of us wanted to hear stories of little boys and girls "just like me," and others delighted to hear fairy tales of fairies, dragons, and princesses, we have continued to make the same two-fold demand of art, not only to represent the familiar things around us,—the lives of those among whom we live,—but also to carry us away to the world of romance, to times, lands, and adventures outside of and beyond our own experience. Now the first demand is more loudly uttered, more fully satisfied; now the second; and it is, of course, a commonplace of current literary criticism to say that we are seeking at present mainly to see "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

This movement towards sheer realism has for some time been most characteristically presented in fiction by the work of Tolstoi, Zola, and Balzac; but in the drama it has come more slowly, possibly because dramatic conventions are further removed from nature, the very word 'theatrical' being half synonymous with the unnatural and affected. Realism has, however, made its way here too in time, and chiefly through the influence of Henrik Ibsen, whose plays were early translated and presented in other countries than his own. He, more than anyone else, turned the drama of to-day to the presentation of immediate social questions, and the vivid reproduction of existing conditions.

It is possible, of course, to consider in many aspects these reflections of everyday life, but for our purposes, three of the more general aspects will perhaps serve. They concern man's relations to the outside world, to his fellow-men, and to the 'I' within himself.*

For one thing, on the material, external side, the greatly changed conditions of life are being vividly reflected in the

* The plays to be dealt with belong to the class of 'acted' drama, not to the 'closet' type.

drama. Practical conveniences, increased facilities for transportation, communication, etc., are, as Professor Matthews has pointed out, having their effect on contemporary drama. One need only recall what is taken for granted in the plays of Sophocles as to the general scheme of everyday life, to realise how differently this presents itself in twentieth century America. The difference is vividly illustrated by such plays as *The Girl in the Taxi-Cab*, or *The Three Chauffeurs*, or *Man and Superman*, in all three of which an automobile figures largely, or in *Mis-alliance*, in which an aeroplane has its part in the action. *Via Wireless* and *Won by Wireless* are the titles of two recent American plays, and the telephone appears, not only as part of the surroundings, but frequently as a means of producing dramatic suspense and acceleration of movement. This occurs especially in *The Spendthrift*, in which the husband, to test his wife's innocence, forces her to telephone at midnight for her supposed lover. In the English play *The Twelve-Pound Look*, the type-writer affords the wife an escape from the bonds of matrimony; and scenes of American industrial life, as vividly modern as those in *The Girl and the Detective*, set in the interior of the Jersey Steel Works and in a large newspaper office, are frequently found. *The Madras House*, in its scenes in the showroom of a fashionable London dressmaking establishment, is representative of similar English realism.

In the plays which bear on social conditions, the characteristic modern note comes out strongly. It shows itself with increasing frequency in the reproduction of the growing consciousness of society as a whole, the sense of social interdependence and of mutual responsibility as at war with the fierce individualism living on from the nineteenth century. Mr. Shaw voices the antagonism in the Preface to his *Plays Unpleasant*: "There is no salvation through personal righteousness, but only through the redemption of the whole nation." The relations, especially the economic relations, between different social classes, form the themes of various plays. Strikes have been represented in *The Strong People*, *Strife*, and *La Barricade*, which respectively depict conditions in America, England, and France, and the treatment of the theme by the

three dramatists affords a basis for interesting comparisons. In the first, the workmen, unable to stand against the giant force of the New York company, are beaten at all points, and the only hope for them lies in the newly aroused personal interest of the head of the company. In the second, the balance is held even between capital and labor, and the strike ends in a compromise, characteristically English. In the third, the strike is broken, and the employer refuses to take back the strikers into his factory, the whole play being intended to enforce the lesson that the propertied class must oppose violence to violence and be ready, at all cost of severity, to defend its own existence against the attacks of the proletariat.

The problems of over-crowding in cities, which are a direct result of these economic conditions, have been set forth in two American plays, *The Battle* and *The Writing on the Wall*; a special aspect of these, as bearing on the moral responsibility of landlord and investor, was represented some years ago in Mr. Shaw's *Widower's Houses*. Political affairs, with their accompanying temptations to dishonorable action, play a part in *The City*, *The Nigger*, *The Lion and the Mouse*, *The Detective*, *The Tenth Man*; and financial operations form the framework in *His Name on the Door* and *The Tenth Man*.

The action of the State towards the individual in the treatment of wrong-doers and of those accused of wrong-doing is exhibited as harsh and at times essentially unjust in the plays *The Third Degree*, *Convict 999*, *The Winding Way*. The strongest play produced in London in nineteen hundred and ten, *Justice*, exposes the brutalizing effect of the horrors of solitary confinement, and the impossibility of escaping from the prison stigma. A similar theme is treated in *My Man*.

A distinguishing mark of many of these plays is the sympathetic treatment of the proletariat, and the same spirit is found in various plays with other themes. We have gone further than the Elizabethans in our abandonment of the Aristotelian dictum that the hero of a tragedy must be a man of exalted rank, and the chief characters in serious drama are frequently of the lower or middle classes. The street-waif heroine of *The Dawn of a To-morrow*, the factory girl in *The Strong People* and *The*

Agitator, give instances of the tendency in American plays; the bank-clerk in *Justice*, the artisan's wife in *The Way the Money Goes*, the shop assistants in *The Madras House*, the boarders in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, furnish similar examples in English plays.

Local influences on character and life are illustrated in some interesting plays, as, for example, *The City*, which shows the members of a family, transplanted from a small town to the stimulating atmosphere of a large city, developing hitherto latent weaknesses and moral defects. Other plays portray the well-marked types of character produced under the unconventional conditions of life in the western and northwestern states, and rely for their interest chiefly on thrilling situations and strong elemental passions: such are *The Barrier*, *The Great Divide*, *Arizona, Montana, In Wyoming*, *The Call of the North*. Life in the South, with its special problem of the relations between the white people and the negroes, is represented in a somewhat melodramatic fashion in *The Nigger* and *The Clansman*; and conditions in New England are depicted in *The New Minister*.

The question of race animosity, aroused in this case by the presence of the Jew, is treated in such plays as *The House Next Door*, *Meyer and Son*, *Israel* (a translation from the French), Mr. Augustus Thomas's new play *The Jew*, and Mr. Zangwill's *Melting Pot*. The latter, of course, includes the wider question of the fusing of the materials brought by the stream of immigrants to "the crucible of God whence will issue the new American."

Even in the United Kingdom the Celtic element makes itself distinct in the plays dealing with Irish peasant life: *Riding to the Sea*, *The Drone*, *The Troth*, *Cross-roads*. Scotch life, considering the vogue of the kail-yard novel, has received comparatively little attention from dramatists, with the exception of Mr. Barrie, in his plays *The Little Minister* and *What Every Woman Knows*.

In plays dealing with the more intimate relations of life, the reflection of modern conditions is yet more distinct. The story of the true love, which is long thwarted but finally victorious,

will always be with us, but in serious drama the obstacles in the way of love are now of the subtler, psychological sort, and the woman rather than the man is apt to be responsible for them. This, in itself, indicates that the drama is giving us a faithful reflection of the most far-reaching social change to be noted during the last twenty or thirty years,—that in women's ideals and in their expression of them. Two American plays show the claims of a career with its opportunities for individual development as competing in the mind and heart of a woman with those of love and marriage. These are *The Climax* and a far more important play, *A Man's World*, in which the heroine reluctantly renounces her independence and becomes engaged, but afterwards for moral reasons dismisses her lover. Such plays naturally appear at a time when rapidly changing economic conditions are touching women's lives so nearly; when these are more stable, such problems will probably lose prominence.

A more permanent interest, however modern the treatment, is found in the clash between men's and women's ideals of morality. This arises, of course, out of conventional conceptions, centuries old, of the relations between men and women, conceptions by which men demand chastity in the women they take as wives, and yet hold themselves entirely free from similar obligations. The present-day social revolt of women against such a conception finds perhaps its most emphatic voice in the character of Frank Ware in *A Man's World*. The woman sends away her lover, not because the child she is bringing up is discovered to be his, but because he cannot see that a man has no right to indulge his passion and pass on without taking the responsibilities arising from his actions. If he had acknowledged the heartlessness of his former neglect of the child's mother, and had conceded that a man should be ready to accept the consequences of his acts as a woman must, she would still have married him. It is this fact which distinguishes this play from Björnson's *The Glove*, in which the heroine dismisses her betrothed solely on account of his former relations with women. The complementary question, of the position of women who have yielded, has for a much longer period furnished dramatic themes; it is merely to be noted here that "the woman with a

past," as she is represented in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, Sudermann's *Heimat*, Schnitzler's *Marchen*, almost always receives now a sympathetic treatment, though the final moral judgment of the dramatist may not approve her conduct. So far as the present writer knows, Mr. G. B. Shaw, in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, is the only dramatist who has treated the whole question of the fallen woman from its sociological side. For the rest, he has cast off accepted conventions in sexual relations as in others, and might even be accused of teaching the unimportance of the marriage ceremony, when the Life-Force is impelling the woman to seek a father for her child. Here Mr. Granville Barker, in *The Madras House*, shows himself a disciple of Mr. Shaw, by his representation of the unrepentant sinner, Miss Yates.

When we turn to plays bearing on the relation of husband and wife, the double standard of morality obtains largely. In the English play *Mid-Channel*, it is this which is responsible for the final catastrophe; for, while husband and wife are equally guilty without the excuse of passion in either case, the wife forgives the husband, but he says he cannot "lower himself so far as to take her back, since the cases are as far as the poles asunder." And the humility of the woman's plea for mercy shows that she really acquiesces in the greater condemnation meted out to her, a condemnation, it may be remarked, rather significantly justified by the English divorce laws. The greater equality of American men and women before the law in the matter of divorce is probably the reason why there are comparatively few American plays showing the wife's tolerance of marital inconstancy or infidelity, such as is exhibited in the English plays *Penelope*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *The Borrowed Plumes*, or the French ones, *La Vierge Folle*, *Une Femme Passa*, and the German, *Das Konzert*, all of which show the wife regarding her husband's delinquencies with almost maternal leniency, and devoting herself to winning him back as though that were her natural course of action. It may be remarked, too, that plays dealing with the husband's shortcomings are often comedies, while those in which the situation is reversed and the wife is unfaithful are usually of a serious nature; as in the

American play *None So Blind*, the English one, *The House Opposite*, and the German *Adam and Eve*, still suggesting that, in public opinion, the transgression of the wife is regarded as more criminal than that of the husband.

Wandering affections, however, are not the sole cause of the wreck of married life in the drama any more than in reality, and Mr. Roosevelt has presented playwrights with a motive of which they have not failed to take advantage,— the motive of race suicide, or the refusal, without due cause, of one or both to undertake the responsibility involved in bearing and bringing up children. In the American play *The Spendthrift*, it is the self-imposed childlessness of the heroine, which, according to her husband and her aunt, has given opportunity for the extravagance which at last wrecks her; a similar woman of fashion who shirks the duties of maternity appears in the English play *Smith*; and in *Mid-Channel*, Zoe Blundell, the wife, traces all the domestic jars and the final separation to the same cause. That the opposition on the part of the wife to the desire of the husband for children is becoming not unusual is shown by the fact that it is utilized as the starting-point of such a farce as *Baby Mine*. Another cause of downfall appears in the plays dealing with women who take to betting, as in the English play *The Way The Money Goes*, or who give themselves up to bridge, as in the *Sins of Society*, *The Walls of Jericho*, and *Smith*. Pure incompatibility of temperament, too, comes in for its share in domestic tragedies, as in M. Hervieu's *Les Tenailles*, but it is not often used alone as a dramatic motive. One instance of its employment, however, is Mr. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look*. In American drama the divorce motive is usually employed for comic effect to produce complications,— as, for example, in *The American Widow*, *The Lottery of Love*, *Woman and Why*, and many others; the same is true of many French plays of the type of *Divorçons*. M. Hervieu has, however, in *La Loi de L'Homme*, given a serious exposition of the bitter effect of divorce laws.

As regards the relation of parent and child, dramas of different countries would, of course, be affected by social conditions, and the question having been generally settled in America by

the granting of a large measure of independence to children, the conflict between the two generations does not occur to any large extent in plays, though one finds it occasionally, as, for example, in the discontent of the family in *The City*. In England, however, and still more in France, the topic is one of much more vital interest, and therefore much more common in contemporary drama. Mr. G. B. Shaw expresses in *You Can Never Tell* and again in *Misalliance* the resistance offered by modern youth to parental authority; two French plays, translated under the titles of *The Lily* and *The Three Daughters of Mr. Dupont*, expose the evils springing from the autocratic rulings of a father, as do also Sudermann's *Heimat* (translated as *Magda*) and Hauptmann's *Friedensfest*. Of all recent plays on this subject, the most interesting seems to be the French one, *Comme Les Feuilles*, which gives a sympathetic study of a family with no stronger bond than that of mere juxtaposition. The following criticism is quoted from the *Revue Bleue*: "Le père a limité ou plutôt a laissé la force des choses limiter son rôle à la production de la richesse d'abord, puis à celle des ressources indispensables. Adonné à cette tâche, absorbé par elle, il se désintéresse de tout le reste, ne demande qu'à se voir épargner tout autre souci, à trouver chez lui la tranquillité, à y éviter les scènes. Sa volonté s'exerce, se dépense, et se fatigue au dehors. Le fils, Tommy, est la condamnation vivante de ce genre de vie." The son cannot be saved, but misfortune brings father and daughter together and shows them the real strength of the bond between them. That the bond between parent and child is no mere convention but an elemental thing in human nature is emphasized in a realistic play, *Chains*, showing how a city clerk who has just resolved to exchange his monotonous existence in an office for the wider possibilities of life in the colonies, willingly abandons his plan when he learns that his wife is to become a mother. Maternal love and pride are depicted in *Mother* and *A Maker of Men*.

It is natural enough that theories of heredity and adaptation to environment have to a large extent modified earlier dogmatic conceptions of moral responsibility. Inherited diseases and tendencies prepare the doom of many of the characters in Ibsen's

plays, not only of Oswald in *Ghosts* and of Dr. Rank in *A Doll's House*, but of Nora in the same play, of Hedwig in *The Wild Duck*, and of various others. Yet, curiously enough, Ibsen's insistence on this point does not seem to have been reproduced in American plays, which in other respects show his influence. In England, *The Truth* and *Old Friends* deal with inherited tendencies. The weak moral fibre of the young clerk in *Justice* is explained by the fact that his father was consumptive. A French play, *L'Evasion*, represents the successful revolt of two young people against the tyranny of the theory of heredity which is making them, by the force of continued suggestion, become what the doctor believes them already to be. In German plays, this motive appears frequently. In *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, Hauptmann employs it in a way sensational, but scientifically unjustifiable; and heredity as fatality is used by Sudermann in *Johannisfeuer* to explain the fall of Heimchen, who yields with these words: "Meine Mutter stiehlt und ich stehle auch." It may be noted that in the drama, the inherited quality or tendency is always evil, never good. The effect of early environment upon themselves and their conduct is adduced by many of the characters in modern plays, as in *The Truth*, *The Doll's House*, *Das Friedensfest*.

This emphasis placed at present on the importance of heredity and environment has produced that peculiarly modern phenomenon, the "Stimmungsmensch," the unheroic hero, the victim of others' faults and of circumstances. In the English play, *Justice*, this type is well represented by the neurotic, ill-balanced, affectionate Falder, foredoomed to go under in his encounter with the forces of society. In *Mid-Channel*, Zoe Blundell and Leonard Ferris drift into wrong, carried along by no great passion but by the power of circumstances; nor is Theo Blundell, for all his large talk, cast in a more heroic mould. The young business man, George Rand, in *The City*, belongs to the same type, and examples might be indefinitely multiplied. Neither American nor English drama, however, can show the type in its original purity as it is exhibited in such German plays as *Das Friedensfest*, *Einsame Menschen*, and *Sodom's Ende*.

This insistence on the pre-determination of character by in-

heritage and external circumstances has also generated a reaction against itself, which is finding expression in the movements based on the assertion of the freedom of the will and of the power of men to control their mental and physical life. That in a certain sense we do create what we think, and that there is great power in steady concentration of thought to bring about the good desired, seems to be the lesson taught by such plays as *The Servant in the House*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and *The Dawn of a To-morrow*. Many names are given to this power, the most popular just now being 'suggestion.' Harmful suggestion is practised by the aunt of the heroine in *The Harvest Moon* and by the lover in *The Climax*. *The Witch*, adapted from the Norwegian, has been called a psychological study based on hypnotism and auto-suggestion; *The Faith Healer* shows a man exhibiting powers of healing which may have a similar origin. This same matter of faith-healing forms also the subject of the first part of Björnson's *Beyond Human Strength*.

Such plays bring us naturally to those with a definitely religious tone, such as *Salvation Nell* and *The Regeneration*. These plays have been accepted as in no way unusual and have gained much popularity in America, for here religious matters are more frequently and freely discussed than in England, where they are still banished from the stage. It is probable that many of those who watched the performance of *False Gods* in England would have strongly disapproved of its full import, had this been clear in its application to present conditions. There is nevertheless one form of religious play, the morality, which arouses there no condemnation, whether in revivals, such as those of *Everyman* and *Youth*, or in original plays on the ancient model, such as *Eagerheart* and *Geron*. Some of the plays of the Irish Literary Theatre,—for example, *The Hour Glass* and *The Travelling Man*,—are allegorical and primarily moral, although not specifically religious.

Even so cursory a view of present-day drama, as this must necessarily be, suggests that the stage now is no less busy than it has always been in reflecting current phases of life and tendencies of thought. In its extreme modernity lies its strength,

and perhaps its weakness as well. For it gives us a picture of transitory conditions rather than of the essential limitations of life, the particular predominating over the general, the individual or modern type rather than the human being, the spirit of the age rather than the spirit of humanity. In days to come, the plays of this epoch will be studied more for their cultural, historical, or sociological interest than for their universal human appeal. Moreover, the vogue of the "problem-play" indicates a distinct tendency to utilize the stage as the place for the delivery of moral teaching, even of sermons. The most successful plays are those with a lesson of definite moral import, so definite that it can often be reduced to a maxim of conduct. For proof of this we need only refer to *The City*, *The Melting Pot*, *A Man's World*, *The Nigger*, *The Spendthrift*, *Mid-Channel*, *Madame X*, *The Third Degree*, *Justice*, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, *The Servant in the House*. Our playwrights seem to have forgotten that, as Professor Matthews says, "it is not the artist's business to prove a thesis, but to picture life as he sees it and feels it and knows it." They need to be reminded of Shelley's words: "The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama is the teaching of the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself."

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A QUAINT OLD TREATISE OF LOVE

It was written three hundred years ago; but it is probable that the subject was as well understood then as now, practically, at any rate. Indeed, neither now nor then could such a book have been of much profit to persons engaged in actual experience. "A lady asked me the other day of what use were poets," says Anatole France. "I told her they helped us to love. But she assured me that one could love very well without them."

The treatise must, of course, be authoritative: for Robert Burton had passed his whole life with great scholars and knew libraries by heart. Eminently qualified he certainly was, being "by my profession a divine and by mine inclination a physician."

Love does not fill the whole vast folio volume, only about a fourth of it, neatly and aptly dissected in its proper place under the general title of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." A vague title you say: what is melancholy? The author appreciates your difficulty—and enjoys it. "It is a kind of policy in these days," he tells you, with his delicious grave irony, "to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold." He apologizes for venturing on so uncanonical a subject when he might be engaged more decorously, perhaps in printing "a sermon at Paul's Cross, a sermon in St. Marie's Oxon, a sermon in Christ Church, or a sermon before the right honourable, right reverend, a sermon before the right worshipful, a sermon in Latin, in English, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, a sermon, etc." But his aim is serious, his intention is eminently philanthropic: "My purpose and endeavour is, in the following discourse, to anatomize this humour of melancholy, through all his parts and species, as it is an habit, or an ordinary disease, and that philosophically, medicinally—to shew the causes, symptomes, and several cures of it, that it may be the better avoided." Immense are the benefits that he will confer upon posterity. "As that great captain, Zisca, would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight, I doubt not but that these following lines, when they shall be recited, or

hereafter read, will drive away melancholy (though I be gone), as much as Zisca's drum could terrify his foes."

And still you ask him, what is melancholy, and you are lost in the luxury of answers. It is stark, raving madness, it is quaint, fantastic folly, illusions, delusions, dreams, possessions, haunting fancies. If he had been born three hundred years later, he would have summed it all up in one word, 'nerves.' The contemporaries of Shakespeare did not talk about their nerves; but it seems that they had such things, and it cannot be denied that melancholy is a far more charming appellation. Master Stephen yearned for "a stool to be melancholy upon." Jacques could "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs." He had a melancholy of his own, "compounded of many simples, extracted of many objects." And he, or those like him, rejoiced in "The Anatomy of Melancholy"—and bought it. "The first, second, and third edition were suddenly gone, eagerly read," says the author; and Wood tells us that in the seventeenth century it passed through eight editions by which the bookseller got an estate.

What vagueness there is in the subject the author tries to dispose of by a treatment apparently systematic, appallingly systematic. There are partitions, divisions, sections, members, subsections, numbered, related, intertwined, "mutually folded in each other's orb." There are the causes of melancholy, from God, from the devil, from parents by propagation, causes necessary, causes particular. There are the symptoms of melancholy, head melancholy, hypochondriacal, over all the body. There are the prognosticks, tending to good, like black jaundice, tending to evil, as leanness, dryness, hollow-eyed, etc. There are the cures, as varied as the disease, lawful, unlawful, dietetical, pharmaceutical, chirurgical.

And Burton does not rely wholly on his own observation or reflection, in treating all these topics, not by any means. No book, scientific or philosophical, has ever been bolstered more squarely upon authority. All the classics, Greek and Latin, are dragged in for illustration, all the quaint, vast learning of the middle ages and the Renaissance is resorted to for confirmation or controversy. "'Tis Hippocrates observation, Galen's

sentence, the doom of all physicians. 'Tis Rabbi Moses aphorism, the prognosticon of Avicenna, Rhasis, Aëtius, Gordoniæ, Valescus, Altomarus, Sallust Salvianus, Capivaccius, Mercatus, Hercules de Saxonia, Piso, Brûel, Fuchsius, all, etc." Who would dare to differ after that? There is something touching, something pathetic about this confident reliance on scholarship. To us it is comparatively indifferent what Cardan thought concerning devils. To Burton it is serious. "These are they which Cardan thinks transform bodies and are so very cold, if they be touched. His father had one of them (as he is not ashamed to relate), an aërial devil, bound to him for twenty and eight years." Then there is Montanus and his melancholy Jew. Oh, that melancholy Jew, who came to grief by eating "tart sawces, made dishes, and salt meats, with which he was over much delighted." Surely it must ease his wanderings in the shades of Purgatory to reflect on the many sufferers who have profited by his example.

Those who think that authorities and quotations are the whole of Burton, however, are wofully mistaken, almost as much as if they should assert that Plutarch is the whole of "Anthony and Cleopatra." Our author is ready enough to mock his own method. "They will rush into all learning, divine, human authors, rake over all indexes and pamphlets for notes, write great tomes, when they are not thereby better scholars, but greater praters." If it is a humdrum method, it is at any rate an honest one. "I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own, which Hierome so much commends in Nepotian. . . . I cite and quote mine authors (which howsoever some illiterate scribblers account pedantical, as a cloke of ignorance, and opposite to their affected fine stile, I must and will use)." But he does not hesitate to reduce the whole paraphernalia to absurdity with one little, careless touch. "Look for more in Isocrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, etc., and, for defect, consult with cheese-trenchers and painted cloths." The truth is, the whole book is Robert Burton, no one else; you always have him at your elbow, with his dry smile, his odd, friendly ways, and his depth of human sympathy which learning cannot obscure, nor sadness dull.

But one finds him most in his digressions, if indeed anything in the book is not a digression. He himself recognizes this wandering tendency with his usual frankness. "Which manner of digression, howsoever some dislike, as frivolous and impertinent, yet I am of Beroaldus his opinion, such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader." And elsewhere, "I have thought fit, in this following section, a little to digress (if at least it be to digress in this subject)." He makes desperate efforts to stick to the theme, reminds himself again and again that he is slipping from his formal chain of sections, members, subsections, etc., recalls his erring pen with sharp reminder, "But my melancholy spaniels quest, my game is sprung, and I must suddenly come down and follow." Yet still, still he strays, catches some pleasant hint of his quick fancy, treads some alluring, shy by-path of hidden learning, where pretty flowers of wit are to be gathered or stinging nettles of keen comment on the world. Has he occasion to trace melancholy to over-much study and the inordinate love of learning? What a delightful excuse for painting the close life of scholars, their long, long hours unrewarded, their vast pains, their solitude, their discouragements, their poverty. If he says a word of himself here, too, what harm? "I was ever like that Alexander (in Plutarch) Crassus his tutor in philosophy, who though he lived many years with rich Crassus, was even as poor when from, as when he first came to him. He never asked, the other never gave him anything; when he travelled with Crassus, he borrowed an hat of him, at his return restored it again." No discussion of the cure of melancholy would be complete without remarks on air and climate. He sighs and leaves his dusty books and steps to the window. The soft spring wind is blowing, rich with bird song. Or the stars wheel overhead in their enormous quiet. And he dreams and bids you share his revery, till you start at his petulant reminder: "But hoo! I am now gone quite out of sight; I am almost giddy with roving about. I could have ranged farther yet; but I am an infant and not able to dive into these profundities, or sound these depths; not able to understand, much less discuss."

Without doubt in all these things the fascination lies much in

the old man's manner of speech. He himself indignantly disclaims any preoccupation of the kind, his book is "writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak, without all affectation of big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms, elegancies etc., which many so much affect." But he was a contemporary of Shakespeare, all the same, and his speech was music, uncouth often, quaint and rugged often, but large, ample, splendid with the magic of a poet's imagination. Sometimes he is grandiloquent, uses strange, antique terms, but full of color and glory. Sometimes he is simple and direct, so simple as to be harsh, even rude, but his rudeness has a graphic vigor which startles and stings like the rudeness of Donne. There is something of Saint-Simon in his brief touches. Griefs wither our bodies, "rivel them up like old apples." Grief is "the cramp and convulsion of the soul." "I say of our melancholy man, he is *the cream of human adversity.*" Or he gives himself more room, shakes out the folds of his phrases, doubles his epithets, triples them, piles them up with Rabelaisian luxuriance. "In a word, the world itself is a maze, a labyrinth of errors, a desert, a wilderness, a den of thieves, cheaters, etc., full of filthy puddles, horrid rocks, precipitums, an ocean of adversity, an heavy yoke, wherein infirmities and calamities overtake and follow one another, as the sea-waves; and if we escape Scylla, we fall foul on Charybdis; and so, in perpetual fear, labour, anguish, we run from one plague, one mischief, one burden, to another; and you may as soon separate weight from lead, heat from fire, moistness from water, brightness from the sun, as misery, discontent, care, calamity, danger, from a man." And again he seems to write for mere harmony, with subtle, tender, dreamy sweetness, which lulls you like the flow of large waters, as in the phrase that enchanted Southee: "For peregrination charms our senses with such an unspeakable and sweet variety that some count him unhappy that never travelled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his ease, that from his cradle to his old age he beholds the same still; still, still the same."

Well, in treating of all things under the sun, our author came naturally to treat of love. "Love is a species of melancholy and necessary part of this my treatise, which I may not omit."

You question the propriety a little, for a learned doctor, an aged divine, a decorous, solitary bachelor. But Beroaldus, Erasmus, Alpheratius have done it; why should not I? There must be some diversion in these grave folios. "After an harsh and unpleasant discourse of melancholy, which hath hitherto molested your patience and tired the author, give him leave, with Godefri-dus the lawyer and Laurentius, to recreate himself in this kind." If you please, we will proceed with a certain austerity. We will speak of the love of God first, and of angels, of high, heroical affections. We will be medical also, discuss matters dispassionately, probe hearts, bare nerves, dissolve, dissect. "The part affected in men is the liver and therefore called heroical because commonly gallants, noblemen, and the most generous spirits are possessed with it." But do not believe that it is to be all sedate, severe. We have been young ourselves. Love may be melancholy to the old and wise, "tragical in issue," but, oh, it is "sweetened in the mixture." Let us for moments forget the melancholy and paint mere love in its charm, its gaiety, its youthful grace, thoughtless, careless, "piping and singing as if it should never grow old." "We have a pretty story to this purpose in Westmonasteriensis, an old writer of ours (if you will believe it) an. Dom. 1012, at Colewiz in Saxony. On Christmas eve, a company of young men and maids, while the priest was at mass in the church, were singing catches and love songs in the churchyard. He sent to them to make less noise, but they sung on still; and if you will, you shall have the very song itself:

"A fellow rid by the greenwood side,
And fair Meswinde was his bride,
Why stand we so and do not go?

"Thus they sung; he chaft; till at length, impatient as he was, he prayed to St. Magnus, patron of the church, that they might all three sing and dance till that time twelve month, and so they did, without meat and drink, wearisomeness or giving over, till at the year's end they ceased singing and were absolved by Herebertus, archbishop of Colen." Once plunged into such dangerous waters our author is quite swept off his feet.

"Oh, pitiful young man struck blind with beauty."

But old man much more pitiful. I will reprove these charms, I will condemn them, I will show them only to show their hollowness and falsity. How will irony do, and a little cynical mocking? "I could tell you such another story of a spindle that was fired by a fair ladies looks, or fingers, some say, I know not well whether, but fired it was by report; and of a cold bath that suddenly smoaked and was very hot when naked Coelia came into it Many more such could I relate, which are to be believed with a poetical faith." But no, that haughty might of beauty (*vis superba formæ*) is so divine, delightful, that we must accept it without question. "Men are mad, stupefied many times at the first sight of beauty." We may grow old, bury ourselves in learned studies, drone out a weary chant of the vanity of life, but something in us somewhere forever responds to the story of the "child that was brought up in the wilderness, from his infancy, by an old hermit; now come to man's estate, he saw by chance two comely women wandering in the woods; he asked the old man what creatures they were, he told him fayries; after a while, talking *obiter*, the hermit demanded of him which was the pleasantest sight that ever he saw in his life; he readily replyed, the two fayries he spied in the wilderness. So that without doubt there is some secret loadstone in a beautiful woman." There is indeed, a loadstone that teases old hermits from their sanctity, and drives staid analysis into verbal antics which on any other subject would surely savor of lunacy. "Oh, that pretty tone, her divine and lovely looks, her everything lovely, sweet amiable, and pretty, pretty, pretty."

But if beauty in its pure, native grace disarms the cynic, he is much more at ease when it comes to attacking artificial allurements. All the quaint devices, the fantastic tricks of sex with sex, how easy it is to stand outside and mock them. "A painter's shop, a flowery meadow, no so gratious an aspect in Nature's storehouse as a yong maid, a noviza or Venetian bride, that looks for an husband; or a yong man that is her suitor; composed looks, composed gait, cloaths, gestures, actions, all composed; all the graces, elegancies in the world are in her face." How charming for an aged bachelor to have such an excuse for peering into the dim privacy, the languorous seclusion of scented

boudoirs. If we are to reprehend these false adornments, we must know them. How, you ask. It is no concern of ours. "Shall we be ashamed to follow the prophet Esay, a courtier himself and a great observer?" Suffice it that we know them. "Beauty is more beholding to art than nature It is true that those fair sparkling eyes, white neck, coral lips, rose-coloured cheeks, etc., of themselves are potent enticers; but when a comely, artifical well-composed look, pleasing gesture, affected carriage shall be added, it must needs be more forcible than it was, when those curious needleworks, variety of colours, purest dyes, jewels, spangles, pendants, lawn, lace, tiffanies, fair and fine linen, embroideries, calamistrations, oyntments, etc., shall be added, they will make the veriest dowdy a goddess, when nature shall be furthered by art." Fashions, too, changes of fashion, the folly of it, no rhyme or reasons, the cost to patient husbands and struggling fathers, new designs grown old in a year or a month and cast aside forgotten; where do they come from, where do they go to? "Now long tails and trains and then short, up, down, high, low, thick, thin, etc.; now little or no bands, then as big as cartwheels; now loose bodies, then great fardingals and close-girt, etc. . . . For generally, as with rich furred conies, their cases are far better than their bodies, and like the bark of a cinnamon tree, which is dearer then the whole bulk, their outward accoutrements are far more precious than their inward indowments." And the arts of nature, if we may call them so, are more to be dreaded and guarded against than the devices of fashion. Those piteous appeals, those plaintive calls for sympathy, those subtle suggestions of dependence and helplessness, oh, beware of them, beware of them. "Nothing so commone to this sexe as oathes, vows, and protestations, and, as I have already said, tears, which they have at command; for they can so weep that one would think their very hearts were dissolved within them As much pitty is to be taken of a woman weeping as of a goose going bare-foot."

The strange part of it all is that neither beauty nor artifice is needed. Love comes and conquers, just for itself, because it is love, and none can tell why. "It is impossible almost for two young folks, equall in years, to live together, and not be in

love." "For youth is a very combustible matter, naphthe itself, the fuell of love's fire, and most apt to kindle it." It is a madness that may sweep over whole companies of people, a possession, a frenzy, as when the "Andromeda" of Euripides was performed at Abdera. "The spectators were so much moved with the object and those pathetical love-speeches of Perseus, amongst the rest, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men, etc.*, that every man, almost, a good while after, spake pure iambicks and raved still on Perseus' speech, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men*. As car-men, boyes and prentises, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets, they continually acted that tragical part of Perseus, and in every man's mouth was *O Cupid*; in every street, *O Cupid*; in every house almost, *O Cupid, prince of gods and men*." Nay, beauty is not only not required, but passion will even put up with the lack of it. Let but some accident fix the lover's fancy, some freak of chance, some coincidence of time, proximity, or habit, and all judgment is gone, all clear insight, all sense of what is truly admirable in face or character. In depicting such infatuation, love's absolute and total blindness, Burton reaches the climax of Elizabethan hideous vigor. Neither Flaubert nor Zola ever described the horrible with such naked atrocity. Keats could quote the passage with artist's relish in a private letter. I can only introduce a few of the most tolerable bits of it here. "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself, ill-favored, wrinkled, pimpled, pale, red, yellow, tan'd, tallow-faced, have a swol'n juggler's platter face, or a thin, lean, chitty face, clouds in her face, a mere changeling, a very monster, an aufe imperfect, an harsh voyce, incondite gesture, a vast virago, a dowdy, a slut, a scold, base, beggarly, rude, foolish, untaught; if he love her once, he admires her for all this, he takes no notice of any such errors, or imperfections of body or mind."

Let them go to it, then; since the wisdom of staid age will avail nothing. Let them revel it out in their youth. Let them give gifts. "As Jupiter corrupted Danaë with a golden shovere, and Liber Ariadne with a golden crown (which was afterward translated into the heaven and there forever shines), they will

rain chickins, florins, angels, all manner of coins and stamps in her lap." Let them waste royally, or, which is better for the peace of the world, let them wish to waste. "Better a metropolitan city were sackt, a royll army overcome, an invincible armado sunk, and twenty thouasnd kings should perish, then her little finger ake." Let them kiss. And here the philosopher surely remembers the Rosalind of the great dramatist, his contemporary, whom he quotes by name elsewhere. "First a word, and then a kiss; then some other complement, and then a kiss; then an idle question, then a kiss; and when he hath pumped his wit dry, can say no more, kissing and colling are never out of season." An ecstasy, a seventh heaven, an Elysium. Why should we quarrel with it, or disturb it? No luxury of gratified ambition, no splendor of achievement after long and patient toil, brings quite the felicity of this love madness, in its first blossom, its new hope, its purple glory of elusive bliss. "He can do nothing, think of nothing but her; desire hath no rest, she is his cynosure, Hesperus, and Vesper, his morning and evening star, his goddess, his mistress, his life, his soul, his everything . . . His Laura, his Victoria, his Columbina, Flavia, Flaminia, Coelia, Delia, or Isabella (call her how you will); his soul is sowced, imparadised, imprisoned in his lady."

Only there is the other side. Age comes, and disgust, and satiety, the consciousness of years and powers wasted, of opportunity neglected, all for what? And if even all lovers were fortunate. One in a thousand, perhaps, no more. You dream her a divinity, you wake to find her a devil, or worse, a doll, a puppet, an empty creature, who thinks of nothing but her clothes and her whims and how she can torment you. This, if you win her. But how likely is it that you will? A dozen others are before you, and she parries and jests and trifles with them all. "These doubts, anxieties, suspitions, are the least part of their torments; they break, many times, from passions to actions, speak fair and flatter; now most obsequious and willing, by and by they are averse; wrangle, fight, swear, quarrel, laugh, weep; and he that doth not so by fits, Lucian holds, is not thoroughly touched with this loadstone of love.

Love to many is bitterness itself." And again, "Shall I say most part of a lover's life is full of agony, anxiety, fear and grief, complaint, sighs, suspitions, and cares (high ho, my heart is wo), full of silence and irksome solitariness?" Or let us put it dramatically, since we happen to be a contemporary of the greatest drama in the world. "By and by, when this young gallant was crossed in his wench, he laments, and cries, and roars downright. I am undone, the virgin's gone, and I am gone; she's gone, and what shall I do? Where shall I seek her, where shall I find her, whom shall I ask? What way, what course shall I take? What will become of me?"

Then there is jealousy, such a vital part, such a constant element of this love madness or melancholy that we must give it treatment by itself, with all the apparatus of special members, subsections, etc., its causes, its symptoms, its prognosticks, and the rest. What a horror! When this passion takes full hold of a man, it makes a brute of him, a fiend, worse even, perhaps, it makes a silly child of him. "He will sometimes sigh, weep, sob for anger, swear and bely, slander any man, curse, threaten, braule, scold, fight; and sometimes again flatter and speak faire, aske forgiveness, kisse and coll, condemn his rashness and folly, vow, protest, and swear he will never do so again; and then oftsoons, impatient as he is, rave, roar, and lay about him like a mad man, thump her sides, drag her about, perchance drive her out of doors."

Love and all its train of evils being such, who can blame me to attempt to cure it? Who will not praise me rather, commend me as a benefactor, sage friend, ardent helper of humanity? Though, to tell the truth, those who need me will not come to me, those who are ill of this disease do not seek the physician, and doubtless the "Ars Amatoria" finds a thousand readers for one who turns to the "Remedium Amoris." Cures? They are, alas, not so abundant as the symptoms. They are old, too, often tried, sometimes efficient, failing oftener hopelessly. There is no new nostrum, no sure specific, no warranted panacea, to heal those love wounds and send the patient whole and sound about his business. Absence? You might try absence. "The best, readiest, surest way, and which all approve, is to send them

several wayes." But it works contrary at least as often. To point out that she is flawed thus and so, has this feature awry, lacks this grace, this charm, this touch of fine perfection? Or that her beauty, be it never so enchanting, will fade and fall from her, like the splendor of noontide or summer's glory? To point out that she has faults of soul as well as of person, is vain, selfish, wasteful, niggardly of kindness, lavish of love? All these you may essay, but I doubt greatly whether they profit you. This madness, this lunacy, this frenzy is hardly to be touched by quiet reason. Also, you may try magic, if you like. I do not advise it, but some things have been done, incontestably been done. "Sckenkius hath some examples of such as have been so magically caused and magically cured; and by witchcraft, so saith Baptista Codronchus."

But without doubt, "the last and best cure of love-melancholy is to let them have their desire." We have said many harsh things of love, many of marriage; ill-assorted, it is the worst of evils, a plague, a rack, continual, intolerable torment. But let us sing a palinode at last. Those who are well-mated, happily, divinely fitted to one another, how fortunate they are. Nothing in the world is to be compared to a good wife. "She is still the same in sickness and in health; his eye, his hand, his bosome friend, his partner at all times, his other self, not to be separated by any calamity, but ready to share all sorrow, discontents; and, as the Indian women do, live and dye with him, nay more, to dye presently for him." And to sum the whole, let us paint a poet's picture of married life in its perfect bliss, its full, entire, and rhythmic harmony. "As Seneca lived with his Paulina, Abraham and Sara, Orpheus and Euridice, Arria and Poetus, Artemisia and Mausolus, Rubenius Celer that would needs have it engraven on his tomb he had lived his life with Ennea, his dear wife, forty-three yeares, eight months, and never fell out As one holds, there's something in a woman beyond all human delight, a magnetique vertue, a charming quality, an occult and powerful motive. The husband rules her as head, but she again commands his heart, he is her servant, she his onely joy and content; no happiness is like unto it, no love so great as this of man and wife, no such comfort as *placens uxor*, a sweet wife, when they love at last as fresh as they did at first."

Thus this strange old pedant, from the depths of his recondite

learning, on the subject of love. But I confess I am more interested in the writer than even in what he writes. He gives us no formal account of himself; but there are bits of autobiography, glimpses of personal feeling, all the more charming for their rarity. He may sometimes pose as the impersonal scholar, the indifferent observer, the cold analyst; but do not believe it. He is a man and knows things human. Solitude? He has known solitude, but does not love it. "I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life." Melancholy? If he writes to cure melancholy, it is first of all his own. "I write of melancholy by being busie to avoid melancholy." "Concerning myself, I can peradventure affirm with Marius in Sallust, that which others hear or read of I felt and practised myself. They get their knowledge by books, I mine by melancholizing." Failure to get on in the world, all the more bitter because springing from conscious fault or error of one's own? "If it be not with me as I would, or as it should, I do ascribe the cause to mine own inelicity." "Had I done as others did, put myself forward, I might have haply been as great a man as many of my equals." Ah, that *had I done!* To write a huge folio to cure oneself of the pang of that!

And then this love. You think it ridiculous for me to meddle with it, a bachelor, a lonely scholar, a bookworm, an awkward oaf, perchance struck dumb at the sight of a fair lady, withered at the thought of kissing even a merry milkmaid. I agree. "I confess I am but a novice, a contemplator only, and what I say is merely reading, by mine own observation and other's relation." And yet—and yet—"I have a tincture, for why should I lye, dissemble, or excuse it? *Homo sum*, not altogether inexpert in this subject." I have drunk moonlight, and heard far-off pleasant songs on summer rivers, seen faces, too, that I—that I remember—that I never shall forget. Ah, well! Books are best. They are dusty and dreary and cold sometimes. But they never desert you or deceive you. Who was it among mine authors—I was reading him but yesterday, a Frenchman, I hate Frenchmen—who said, *Cette vie, l'ai-je vécue, l'ai-je rêvée?*

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BRER RABBIT IN THE FOLK-TALES OF THE NEGRO AND OTHER RACES

In the character of the old negro, Uncle Remus, is embodied one of the most lovable creations in recent literature and one of the most valuable contributions our country has yet made to the literature of the world. Both young and old, as they read these tales, feel themselves drawn very close to the old man, whose humble cabin and warm heart were ever open as a haven of refuge to the little boy; and with the youngster come to share in the venerable negro's ready sympathy, to enjoy his quaint and genial humor, and to admire his simple, child-like faith in humanity and in God. If older readers have sometimes smiled at his assumption of affectionate superiority over his little companion and friend, at his social prejudices, his class distinctions, and his family pride, they have nevertheless been filled with admiration for his courtly manners and his loyalty and devotion to Ol' Massa and Ol' Missus, and to all the principles of conduct he imbibed from his free and familiar, yet ever respectful, intercourse with them. The character of Uncle Remus, then, lives and will continue to live in literature because of its essentially human qualities; for, without any foolish sentiment or silly gush, the simple old negro is portrayed with a vividness, truth, and sympathy that obliterate the color line and lead us to accept the old darky as a fellow-man close akin to ourselves. Just in this fact, it seems to me, appear the literary art of Mr. Harris and his greatest achievement.

Not for its individual traits alone, however, is the character valuable, but for its representative qualities, summing up the best characteristics of the negro race at a special period in its history—the time of its slavery—the very traces of which have almost entirely disappeared. If *Uncle Tom's Cabin* set forth to the world the darkest aspects of slavery, *Uncle Remus* represents its brightest side, for the book makes clear to every thoughtful reader that the system of slavery, pernicious as it may appear to us now, took the dusky savage from his haunts in the African jungle and made of him a Christian and a gentleman, something which freedom and the most improved methods of education have thus far failed to accomplish.

Thus, as the years go by, Mr. Harris's book will grow more and more valuable as a historic picture of a type now fast passing away. In place of the negro's gaiety and light-heartedness have come disturbing dreams of social equality, so that all the old stories he used to tell of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, all the old songs he used to sing to the banjo in those happy, care-free days on the plantation, are not preserved as a heritage by this latter generation, but are scornfully put aside as childish things, unworthy relics of their days of darkness.

Whatever the negro may become, he will certainly never again possess that picturesque charm which belonged to his manner of speech and action in the days before the Civil War. So completely has the negro changed, that looking at certain modern types in the South, it is almost as difficult to credit the negro at any age with the dignity and decorum attributed to him by Nelson Page and others, as it is to reconcile the Indian of the modern reservation with the noble and chivalrous Chingachgook and Uncas of Fenimore Cooper.

Southern writers have been quick to feel this change and have striven to select and perpetuate in literature the most characteristic and poetic features of this negro race in the days of its slavery. About 1878 the negro made his first appearance in literature in a little poem by Irwin Russell, entitled *Christmas Night in the Quarters*, a poem which marks a new epoch in the literature of the South. In 1880, two years later, Joel Chandler Harris brought out his now classic volume, *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*, in which he not only delineated with vividness and fidelity the life of the negro, but, as has been already indicated, added a new character to the world's literature. Thus Uncle Remus was the pioneer of his race in literature, and on his footsteps followed a host of other minor characters as depicted in the books of such writers as Thomas Nelson Page, Harry Stillwell Edwards, and Ruth McEnery Stuart. The pictures these authors have drawn of the old-time darky will retain a permanent place in literature beside the equally interesting, though more highly idealized, Indians of Fenimore Cooper.

But these tales of Uncle Remus, as scholars have long been aware, and as Mr. Harris himself was prompt to acknowledge, are not original with Uncle Remus, nor with any other negro, nor did Mr. Harris himself compose them. Like the early epic

of a race and like other folk-tales of a people, they are the result of long and gradual growth, having been handed down orally from one generation to another, and, in their present form at least, not committed to writing till the genius of Mr. Harris discovered them and preserved them to posterity. Just as the Brothers Grimm collected and arranged the German folk-tales that appear in their name, and just as Bishop Percy in the middle of the eighteenth century gathered up the old English ballads, which, neglected for centuries, then became the direct inspiration of Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and formed one of the creative impulses of the romantic movement, so Mr. Harris, from the lips of former slaves, took down these negro tales and arranged them in artistic form, so that they became an important part of the newly awakening literature of his section of the country. In every instance, the material for a long time was considered unworthy of publication or even of serious attention. Thus, though Mr. Harris did not compose these stories, he showed fine penetrative insight in recognizing their value in literature as folk-tales of varied and unusual interest, and he displayed great literary ability in the manner in which he put them together and preserved them for future generations.

Noteworthy as these Uncle Remus tales are as a contribution to literature, they are no less so as a contribution to the folklore of the negro race, in revealing their strange superstitions and childish beliefs and their primitive processes of thought. Through these stories of a people removed by only a few generations from barbarism, we are carried back almost to the infancy of mankind, to a period when it was no fable for animals to converse with one another or with human beings, when even images of wax or clay or tar might readily be endowed with living personality, and when men felt a close kinship with animals, with inanimate objects, and with all created things. Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer B'ar, Brer Coon and Brer Possum were all members of a great fraternity, to which man also belonged. Even Sis Tar Baby herself was invested with a unique personality of her own, and was spoken to in polite and respectful manner.¹

To those who have chased the "timorous flying hare," how-

¹ *The Childhood of Fiction*, J. Macculloch, London, 1905, p. 199f.

ever, it might seem strange indeed that such a purblind wretch should appear as the hero of these Uncle Remus tales, instead of the cunning fox. Yet the choice of the hero lay not with Mr. Harris himself, nor was any individual negro responsible, for only a casual examination of the folk-tales of Africa, of the Indians of North America, and even of distant Asia, will reveal the fact that the rabbit is the hero common to them all. Though his great staring eyes might have suggested stupidity (of which he is taken as a type by Chaucer and other English poets), his wonderful swiftness in running, his constant vigilance, his skill in dodging his pursuers, his tendency to appear suddenly and silently at unexpected moments, either in the early dawn or in the gathering dusk, these and other characteristics, in the eyes of ignorant and superstitious folk, served to invest him with uncanny and preternatural powers. Thus, in the ancient Druidical mysteries, the hare was used in the auguries to indicate the outcome of a war²; in Scottish and Irish folk-lore he is associated with witches; and possibly on account of such evil associations, he is, in certain parts of Brittany and Russia, an object of aversion and disgust.³ Moreover, the superstition that it is unlucky for a hare to cross one's path is widespread, being found not only among the negroes of America and Africa, but also among the Indians, Laplanders, and Arabs, and lingers even yet in parts of England.⁴

At the same time, however, his supposed magic powers have exalted him to a central place in the myths and folk-tales of many different countries, and even in our own day throughout Germany and other parts of Europe and also in America, he has come to be connected with one of the greatest festivals of the church.⁵ To many a German child of to-day the *Osterhase*, instead of being an uncanny or unlucky animal, is a mysterious and beneficent creature with attributes akin to Santa Claus and even to the *Christkind*. And the wonderful power of the rabbit's foot in bringing good luck to whoever carries it on his person is not peculiar to negroes, but even among people of superior in-

² *Folk-Lore and Folk-Stories of Wales*, Marie Trevelyan, London, 1909, pp. 77-78.

³ *An Introduction to Folk-Lore*, Marian Roalfe Cox, London, 1904, p. 91; *Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland*, Jeremiah Curtin, Boston, 1890, p. 121.

⁴ Cox, p. 109.

⁵ Cox, p. 31.

telligence is a common belief in America, as well as in England. Nor does it seem to be a purely vulgar superstition borrowed from the negro slaves.

In view of these facts it may be of interest to trace the character of the rabbit, or hare, through certain typical folk-tales of different countries and to show how the rabbit appears, first as a semi-divine being, either the incarnation of some god or the mythical, ancestral culture-hero of a people; and next on a far lower plane as a great rogue animal, the picaresque hero of a widespread beast-epic. At the same time an attempt will be made to account for his decline in character from divinity to roguery.

Among the *jatakas*, or birth-stories of Buddha, which, it is believed, date ultimately from a period several centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, there appears a tale in which the hare is identified with the god Buddha himself and is exalted to a conspicuous place on the shining disc of the full moon.

According to the faithful, Buddha is said to have been incarnated as many as five hundred and fifty times, and is believed to have retained the memories not of one life only but of all the varied types of existence through which he had passed. On one occasion, it seems, Buddha was born among the hare-kind and lived with his three friends, the otter, the jackal, and the monkey.⁶ These four wise creatures dwelt amicably together, and the hare, the wisest of them all, preached the truth to his companions and urged upon them the necessity and duty of alms-giving and of observing holy days.

One evening, the Bodhisatta, as he was then called (i. e., one about to become a Buddha, or a Buddha-elect), glancing up at the moon, perceived that the next day would be a feast day and urged his companions to observe it and feed from their own tables any beggars that should apply to them for food.

When the morning comes, the otter discovers a string of seven red fish buried in the sand and lays them aside; the jackal saves up some lizards and a pot of curds; and the monkey stores

⁶ *The Jataka, or Stories of Buddha's Former Births.* Translated from the Pali by various hands under the editorship of Professor E. B. Cowell, Vol. 3, p. 35, No. 316, *Sasa-Jataka*. See also *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, Baring-Gould, Longman's, 1897, p. 203.

away some mangoes. But the hare, browsing in the soft *kuça* grass, reflects that he has no oil or rice to offer to any beggars that may chance to appear, and hence he resolves to give his own flesh to be eaten if occasion should arise.

At such a splendid display of virtue, Indra's white marble throne manifests signs of heat, and Indra determines to test the unselfishness of the hare. Disguised as a brahmin, he comes to the otter, who offers him his fish; then to the jackal, who is ready to give him his lizards and curds, just as the monkey is equally willing to furnish mangoes to the supposed begging priest. But the hare greets him with joy and at once offers his own body for food.

"You shall not need to break the moral law by taking my life," he declares. "I will give you my body to roast and eat.

"Nor sesame, nor beans, nor rice have I as food to give;
But roast with fire my flesh I yield, if thou with us would'st live."

Through his miraculous power, the brahmin causes a heap of burning coals to appear, and the hare, rising immediately from his bed of *kuça* grass and shaking himself three times, lest any insects might cling to his fur and be consumed, springs up like a royal swan (one translator says, "like a flamingo"), lighting on a heap of lotuses, and falls upon the burning coals. But, to his amazement, not a hair of his body is singed. It was as if he had entered the regions of frost and snow.

Indra then reveals himself and explains that he has come only to put the Bodhisatta's virtue to the test. As a perpetual memorial of Buddha's wonderful self-sacrifice, Indra "squeezed the mountain (i. e., the Himavat, or Himalaya, which according to Hindoo tradition was selected as the calf, or recipient of all good things, and thus contained the essence of all the earth's goodness), and with the essence extracted daubed the surface of the moon with the figure of a hare," which may plainly be seen there to this day.⁷

Thus we read in another *jataka* (No. 20) "the sign of the hare in the moon will last a whole *kalpa*" (i. e., as long as the world endures).

⁷ *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. 2 (1884), p. 370, "Folk-Tales of India," Richard Morris.

Familiar as the man in the moon is to us western folk, the hare in the moon is still more familiar to the people of the far east, and the hare is the older of the two. To the common people of India and Ceylon the moon spots form the figure of a hare, and hence the moon in Hindoo works is called *sasanka*, or "hare-marked."⁸ In a later version of this Buddha story, as might be expected, it is not Buddha in the form of a hare that offers himself as a sacrifice, but the hare itself, who meets Buddha (then dwelling on earth as a hermit) lost in the wood, guides him into the right path, offers his own body to appease the hunger of the supposed hermit, and as a memorial has his figure miraculously impressed on the moon's surface.⁹

This same story is common among the Kalmucs of Tartary, with whom the hare is a god, called *Sakya-Muni*, or the Buddha, and the Mongolians also see in the moon shadows the figure of a hare. They relate that "Bogdo-Jagjamuni, or Shigemuni (i.e., the Buddha *Sakya-Muni*), the supreme ruler of the sky, once transformed himself into a hare to serve as food for a starving traveler, in honor of which meritorious deed, Khomusta, whom the Mongols revere as chief of the *tengri* (genii), placed the figure of a hare in the moon."¹⁰

In the early folk-lore of China, too, the lunar hare is a prominent figure, and is said to squat at the foot of the cassia tree, pounding for the genii the drugs out of which the elixir of immortality is made. The idea is probably connected with the Buddhist incarnation already alluded to, for some authorities identify the cassia tree with the sal tree, one of the sacred trees of the Buddhists. In the Taoist legend of Rip Van Winkle, Wang Chih, who like Rip goes off into the mountain and sleeps for a long period, is carried by a great white crane up to the moon, where he finds the Hare of the Moon pounding his drugs. The Hare of the Moon is said to live a thousand years, and when he is five hundred years old he changes his color from brown to

⁸ *Moon-Lore*, Timothy Harley, London, 1885, p. 64; *Folk-Lore of Northern India*, W. Crooke, 2 vols., Westminster, 1896, I, 13; *Zoological Mythology*, Angelo de Gubernatis, 2 vols., London, 1872, II, chap. 8.

⁹ *Teutonic Mythology*, Grimm (Stallybrass), vol. 2, p. 716; Harley, *Moon-Lore*, 63.

¹⁰ Grimm and Harley, I. c.

white.¹¹ From this wondrous beast Wang Chih receives a few drops of the elixir of life and thus, far more fortunate than poor Rip, is restored to youth and to his long-lost family.¹²

Timothy Harley, in his *Moon-Lore*, quotes from an unnamed Chinese scholar, who declared that "tradition earlier than the period of the Han dynasty (206 B. C. to the first century of the Christian era), asserted that a hare inhabited the surface of the moon." And Tu Fu, a bard of the T'ang dynasty (618 A. D. to 907 A. D.) celebrates this wondrous hare in song:

The frog is drowned in the river;
But the medicine hare lives forever.

Thus in China, as well as in India, the hare is regarded as a divine animal.¹³

A myth of the Ainos, or Ainu—the aborigines of Japan, who it is now generally admitted are not Mongolians, but are closely related to the Caucasians—cribes the origin of the hares to snowballs, out of which they were miraculously formed. As told by Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, in a literal translation from the original, the story runs as follows:¹⁴

"Suddenly there was a large house on top of the hill, wherein were six persons beautifully arrayed, but constantly quarreling. Whence they came was unknown. Thereupon Okikurumi (the god) came and said: 'Oh, you bad hares! You wicked hares! Who should not know your origin? The children in the sky were pelting each other with snowballs, and the snowballs fell into this world of men. As it would have been a pity to waste heaven's snow, the snowballs were turned into hares, and those hares

¹¹ This change of color in the fur of the arctic hare is a well-known phenomenon.

¹² "Chinese Folk-Lore and Some Western Analogues," Frederick Wells Williams (*Annual Report of the Smithsonian Inst.*, 1900, p. 591); *The Jewelled Sea: A Book of Chinese Fairy Tales*, Hartwell James, Phila., 1906.

¹³ Harley, p.p. 63-64; *Folk-Medicine*, W. G. Black, London, 1883 (*Folk-Lore Soc. Pub.*, 12, 154); *The Folk-Lore of China*, N. B. Dennys, London, 1876, p. 64.

¹⁴ *Aino Folk Tales*, B. H. Chamberlain (*Folk-Lore Soc. Pub.*, 22 [1888], p. xxii; p. 9, No. V). See also *The Ainos of Japan*, Hitchcock (*Rep. U. S. Nat. Mus.*, 1890, pp. 429-502; *Prehistoric Japan*, E. Baelz, *Smithson. Inst. Rep.*, 1907, pp. 524-547).

are you. You who live in this world which belongs to me should not quarrel. What is it that you are making such a noise about?" With these words, Okikurumi seized a firebrand and beat each one of the six in turn. Thereupon all the hares ran away. This is the origin of the hare (-god), and for this reason the body of the hare is white, because made of snow, while its ears, which are the part where it was charred by the fire, are black."

This same belief in the hare in the moon seems to have penetrated into Europe, for a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1882, p. 440, on "Some Solar and Lunar Myths," reports that "in Swabia children are not allowed, in imitation of the hare in the moon, to make the figure of a hare on the wall with their fingers." Indeed, this same superstitious fear of the hare in the moon is common to the children and ignorant folk throughout central Germany and many parts of Hungary.

Before dismissing this side of the subject, the divinity of the hare, it may be of interest to pass across into the New World and glance rapidly at some of the myths of the Red Indians, in which this same deification takes place, and, remarkable to relate, the same association with the moon. Among the Algonquians, for example, the Ancestral Hare, from whom all their tribes claim a common origin, is the grandson of the Moon and son of the West Wind. Michabo (from *Michi*, great, and *wabos*, rabbit), with its variants—Manabush and Manabozo—the great White Hare, is the semi-divine ancestor of the tribe, the culture-hero, who, like Hiawatha, taught his people all the arts of peace. Through etymological confusion of *Wabos*, rabbit, and *wabun*, dawn, it is believed by some that this great White Rabbit was no less than the incarnation of the eastern dawn. At all events, he is identified with both light and fire, and in some myths is, like Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer, and is the great "Wonder-worker of all the tribes east of the Mississippi from Hudson Bay to the Gulf."¹⁸ He even creates fire and light for his people. Even more than that, he it is who, left by a great flood floating on a raft with a few other animals, is the recognized captain and chief of them all, and out of tiny pieces of mud brought up from

¹⁸ 19th Annual Rep. U. S. Bureau Ethnology, p. 232; 16th Annual Rep., pp. 236; 14th Annual Rep., part I, pp. 87, 117, 125, 206; part 2, p. 1051; American Hero Myths, D. G. Brinton, p. 66.

the bottom by the muskrat on her paws, created the world itself; then formed men out of the drowned bodies of the animals, which afterwards became the totems of the tribes; next shot his arrows into the soil, so that they grew into tree trunks; and, finally, by watching the spiders weaving their webs, taught his people how to make nets with which to catch fish.¹⁶

Among the Utes there is a myth of a fierce conflict between Ta-vwats, the Hare God, and Ta-vi, the Sun God, in which the Hare God, by means of a magic arrow, shivers the sun into a thousand fragments and causes a general conflagration.¹⁷ And the Iriquoian cosmology relates how the Hare, in company with Sapling (Hero-Sprout), Beaver, and Otter, goes to capture the Sun, and how the Hare seizes the great luminary and flees away with him in his canoe.¹⁸ Far up in British Columbia, the Thompson River Indians, like the Buddhists, see the shape of a hare in the moon, and account for its presence there by a fantastic myth, which relates how the Moon, formerly a white-faced, handsome young Indian, invites all the stars to his house, and when the guests arrive, sends his younger sister, the Hare, to fetch water. Returning with a bucket in each hand, she finds no place to sit, until her brother says, "Sit here on my face, for there is no room elsewhere." His sister, taking him at his word, jumped on his face. "If the Moon had not joked thus, he would now be much brighter, for his sister may still be seen sitting on his face, dimming his brightness."¹⁹

Strangely similar is the Tezcucan (Mexican) account of the creation, as given by Bancroft,²⁰ according to which "the sun and the moon came out equally bright, but this not seeming good to the gods, one of them took a rabbit by the heels and slung it into the face of the moon, dimming its lustre with a blotch, whose mark may be seen to this day"—an unwilling and undeserved apotheosis, in strong contrast to that of Buddha.

¹⁶ *American Hero Myths*, D. G. Brinton, p. 39.

¹⁷ *1st Annual Report U. S. Bureau Ethnol.*, p. 24.

¹⁸ *21st Annual Rep. U. S. Bureau Ethnol.*, p. 318.

¹⁹ *Traditions of the Thompson River Indians*, James Teit, (*Memoirs Amer. Folk-Lore Soc.*, 1898, p. 91).

²⁰ *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*, New York, 1875, vol. 3, p. 62 (quoted by Harley, *Moon-Lore*, p. 66); see also Cox, *Introd. to Folk-Lore*, p. 250.

And among the Nahuas of ancient Mexico Professor D. G. Brinton found the same myth of the rabbit in the moon. "It (the figure in the moon) was called Tochtili, the rabbit, and the name was applied to one of the four types under which the years were grouped in the Aztec cycle."²¹

It is a matter of some interest that the Chinese also included the rabbit among their twelve "cyclical animals," by which they marked out the "yellow road" of the sun, and the same circle was adopted by Tartars, Turks, and Mongols, in Tibet, Tong-King, Japan, and Korea. Even to this day these zodiacal creatures appear in the almanacs of Central Asia. Of these Chinese animals, the Hare (or Rabbit), Monkey, Dog, and Serpent reappeared without change in the Aztec calendar.²²

Returning now to India, we find in the *Pantschatantra* and in the *Hitopadesa*²³ two favorite and widespread stories, which seem to indicate the beginning of the decline of the rabbit's character from god to trickster. The first story tells how in a time of drought the King of the Elephants brings his herd to disport in a beautiful pool of crystal water, and how day after day they tread under foot numbers of hares that had long dwelt on the banks of the pool. At last, grown desperate, one of the hares, Godspeed by name, goes out to meet the Elephant King, and, addressing him from the top of a high hill, tells the Lord of the Herd that he, Godspeed, has been sent as ambassador from his Godship, the Moon, to protest against the continual destruction of the hares.

"Thus saith the Moon: 'These hares were the guardians of my pool (Candrasara, or Lake of the Moon), and thine elephants coming thither have scared them away. This is not well. Am I not Sasanka ('Hare-Marked'), whose banner bears a hare, and are not these hares my votaries?'"

At this the Elephant King in great trepidation goes with the hare to the edge of the pool, where the image of the moon was

²¹ Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 197, note; also *Journal of Amer. Folk-Lore*, vol. 3, p. 12.

²² *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 9th ed., "Zodiac," vol. 24, p. 793.

²³ Angelo de Gubernatis, vol. 2, chap. 8; *Literature of the Orient*, Ephanius Wilson, London and Paris and New York, *Hindu Literature*, p. 55; Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, 2 vols., Leipzig, 1859.

quivering, and along with his herd makes prostrations, begging pardon of the Moon, the hare explaining to the Moon that their crime had been committed in ignorance. Whereupon, they got their dismissal and left the hares in undisturbed possession of the pool.

In the second story,²⁴ a lion, Fierce-of-Heart, was accustomed to exact of the other animals one beast a day for his meal. When the hare's turn came, he aroused the lion's pride and anger by telling him of a rival near at hand, mightier than himself, and led him to a deep well, where he showed him his own image in the water. Enraged at the sight, the lion flung himself at the image and was drowned.

Among the Santal Parganas,²⁵—a non-Aryan aboriginal branch of the Kolarian stock of India, inhabiting the eastern outskirts of the Chinta Nagore plateau, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Calcutta—there is a tale which tells how the hares in former days used to feed on men. The men, growing tired at last of such a pest, prayed to Thakur (the god) for deliverance, and the god called up the hare-chief, who denied the charge brought against his people. Then Thakur set the hare to watch the kita tree and the man to watch the korket tree, declaring that whichever should first see a leaf fall from his tree should be allowed to eat the other. The man first saw the leaf fall from his tree, but the hare gnawed off a leaf from his and sought to prevail by trickery. The god, however, soon discovered his deceit, and rubbing his legs with a ball of clean cotton, decreed that thenceforward he should skip about like a leaf blown by the wind, and that men from that time forward should hunt hares wherever they could find them and should kill and eat them, entrails and all. And this is the reason why the Santals do not clean the hares they kill, but devour every part of them entire.

In another story of the Santals,²⁶ the jackal and the hare steal rice from a woman and play tricks upon one another, the hare holding his own well against the jackal, and sometimes appearing even cleverer than his companion.

²⁴ Wilson, p. 45.

²⁵ *Folk-Lore of the Santal Parganas*, transl. by Cecil Henry Bompas, London, 1909, p. 412.

²⁶ *Ibid.* p. 338.

In view of the hare's connection with Buddha and the somewhat sacred nature he must have acquired from such association, it seems significant—perhaps more than accidental—that in the folk-lore of those countries where Buddhism flourished the hare holds a place of considerable prominence.

From India, Buddhism spread into Ceylon, where, as has already been shown, the hare in the moon is familiar to the common people, as well as Buddha's connection with it. Introduced thence into Burmah in the fifty century A. D., the religion spread into Tibet in the seventh and eighth centuries. It had already reached China in the beginning of the Christian era, and was carried thence to Korea in the fourth century and thence into Japan in the sixth century. To the west, Buddhist settlements are said to have penetrated as far as the Caspian.

Now in the folk-tales of the Shan mountain country of Burmah,²⁷ the hare appears as a very astute and resourceful beast, surpassing at every turn the fierce but stupid tiger, who is always his dupe. At the beginning of the world—as we are told in one of these tales—the Hare lived on amicable terms with the Tiger, the Ox, the Buffalo, and the Horse, and seems to have been the cleverest of them all. A great fire having broken out in the jungle, the Tiger flees in terror and comes to one friend after another. The Ox and the Horse deliberately direct him into danger, but the Buffalo generously carries him into the river till the fire is burnt out. Chilled by the bath, the Tiger takes refuge with the Hare, who inhospitably sets his own house on fire, driving the Tiger out. Enraged by such an act, the Tiger pursues the Hare, who makes a fool of him at every turn, first causing him to hurt his paws severely on some sharp stones; next to thrust his head into a wasps' nest; then to get bitten by a venomous serpent. Finally, deluding the Tiger into the belief that the sky is falling, the Hare induces him to jump into a pit, into which he himself only a short time before had tumbled. Then, tickling the stupid beast till in desperation the Tiger flings him out, he runs off, brings some men to the pit, and has the Tiger killed.

"Thus did the Hare prove that, though small, she was full of

²⁷ *The Red Mirok*, Anna M. Barnes, and *Shan Folk-Lore Stories*, W. C. Griggs, Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc., Phila., p. 58.

wisdom, and although the Tiger was bigger and stronger and fiercer than she, yet she through her wisdom was able to kill him."

In the folk-tales of Tibet,²⁸ the Tiger is again pitted against the same puny but formidable antagonist, and "Uncle Tiger," as the Hare calls him—surely not out of respect—falls an easy victim to the malicious tricks of "Brother Hare." Having induced "Uncle Tiger" to scrape out and eat his own eyes, and then having caused him in his blindness to topple backwards over a precipice to his death, the Hare, possessed with the demon of mischief, leads a man to forsake his horses in order to secure the Tiger's skin; calls down some ravens to feed on the sore backs of the unprotected horses; incites a boy to desert his sheep in order to rob the ravens' nest; and finally invites a wolf to come and prey upon the defenceless sheep. Then, proceeding to the top of a high hill, and looking down upon the effects of such linked malice long drawn out, he leans back upon a handy stone and laughs with such heartiness that he actually splits his lip. And it has remained split to this very day.

Here we have almost an apotheosis of the rogue, with a very sardonic and Mephistophilian humor.

On another occasion he serves in a similar manner the fox and the wolf together, and then the lion and the lioness. Persuading the fox and the wolf to attempt to strangle a kyang (or wild ass) with a rope, the hare leads them to their destruction, for they become entangled in the rope and are dragged to death by their intended victim. And as in the Hindoo story, the hare incites the lion to spring into the well and drown himself dashing at his own image; and then causes the death of the lioness, whom he coolly informs that he has slain the lion in single combat. In enraged pursuit of the audacious little hare, the lioness gets herself stuck fast in the crevice of a wall and miserably starves to death. Still another borrowing from Indian source appears in the tale in which the hare dresses himself up as an official, pretending to be the special ambassador from the Emperor of China deputed to bring ten wolves' skins as a present to the King of India, and frightens away the wolf, who is about to devour the sheep and her lamb.

²⁸ *Folk Tales from Tibet*, Capt. W. F. O'Connor, London, 1906, Nos. I, VII, IX.

In the Gurian tales of the Trans-Caucasus²⁹ the hare, as in not a few European stories, serves as a messenger between a countryman and his wife, and on account of his cleverness is sold to a credulous merchant for a large sum.

In Korea,³⁰ however, the rabbit (not the hare) is even more important and sustains his usual reputation for cunning and resourcefulness. Brought to the bottom of the sea, supposedly in order to enjoy the subterranean scenery highly praised by the turtle, the rabbit is horrified to hear the fishes discussing the best means of securing his eyes, out of which to make a poultice for their king (a remedy proposed by the wicked turtle himself). Going before the king, the rabbit courteously explains that he will be delighted to serve him and cure him; but that he was accustomed to carry two pairs of eyes, which he used interchangeably, his real ones and a pair made of mountain crystals to be used in very dusty weather. Fearing to injure his real eyes by the trip under water, he had buried them in the sand and was now wearing his crystal eyes. If, however, his majesty would only order the turtle to transport him back up to dry land, he would gladly fetch one of his eyes, which he believed would be sufficient. Pleased with his courtesy, the King of the Fishes commanded the turtle to carry him up at once. On reaching land, however, the rabbit leaped nimbly off the turtle's back, shook the water from his coat, and winking at his clumsy betrayer, told him to dig in the sand himself, for he had only one pair of eyes and he had no intention of parting with either of those.

Besides the Ainu myth of the origin of the hares, the Japanese have an amusing tale of how the hare outwitted the badger, Tanuki, who with his prominent belly plays a leading rôle in all these tales, once beating upon his belly as on a drum and causing all the peasants in the fields to shoulder arms with their farming implements.³¹

Filled with the same spirit of malicious mischief that he has shown in the other tales, the hare sets fire to a bundle of twigs

²⁹ *Georgian Folk-Tales*, transl. by Marjory Wardrop, London, 1894, p. 156.

³⁰ *Korean Tales*, H. N. Allen, Putnam's, 1889, p. 34.

³¹ *Tales of Old Japan*, A. B. Mitford, London, 1893, p. 177; *Volkerkunde in Charakterbildern*, Leo Frobenius, Hannover, vol. 2, p. 32.

which the badger is carrying on his back, and when the badger, hearing the crackling of the twigs, asks the meaning of the sound, the hare reassures him by telling him it is the usual noise of the mountain, which is called "The Crackling Mountain." As the fire burns more fiercely and as the flames begin to pop, the hare answers the badger's renewed inquiries with the explanation that the mountain is called also "The Piff! Paff! Puff! Mountain." Finally, however, the fire singes the neck of the badger, who flees screaming with pain and plunges into the river.

The next day, in pretended sympathy, the hare comes with a plaster for the badger's neck and puts it on the burned spot. But as the plaster is made of cayenne pepper, the badger's suffering is intensified so that he howls in anguish.

Several days later, the hare persuades the badger to set out with him to the capital of the moon. The hare has constructed a boat of hard wood for the journey; but the badger, unwilling to trust himself again to the hare, builds a boat for himself out of clay. Hardly had they started, when the hare drove his boat against the badger's, dashed it to pieces, and thus drowned Tanuki in the river.

This is said to be a well-known story in Japan, often represented in the theatres. The proposed journey to the moon seems to connect it with the Hindoo tales of Buddha.

Though from the examples heretofore given it seems probable, but by no means absolutely certain, that the hare owes his prominence in the folk-tales of Asia to his association with Buddha and to the spread of Buddhism together with its myths and legends, such a theory cannot be applied with any great degree of probability to the folk-tales of Africa, in which both the hare and the rabbit share with the jackal the rôle of hero. Yet between the Buddha birth-stories and the Uncle Remus stories there is one connecting link afforded by the tar-baby episode. In the well-known Pançavudha *Jataka*, the Bodhisatta, here known as Prince Five Weapons, meets a terrible monster, the Demon with the Matted Hair, or as one translator gives it, the Ogre Hairy-Grip, and makes upon him the same five-fold attack, with hands, feet, and head, as Brer Rabbit does on the tar-baby, with the same humiliating result, finding himself stuck fast and helpless. Now as the tar-baby story is familiar enough in Africa, with many variants, and as the *Sasa (Hare) Jataka*, previously

given in outline, identifies the Bodhisatta with the hare in the moon, Mr. Joseph Jacobs³² supposes that the same identification of the hare with Prince Five Weapons took place among the Buddhists in this tale also; that this primitive tar-baby story was then carried from India to Africa, "possibly by Buddhist missionaries," there spread among the negroes, and thence was brought by the slaves to the New World. "There is certain evidence," declares Mr. Jacobs, "that the negroes have Buddhistic symbols among them." Such evidence, however, does not seem to be easily accessible. Yet so difficult is it to realize how a great body of folk-tales with such clear and striking correspondences to the Asian stories in incident and character could have grown up independently among the African tribes, that one is strongly tempted to favor Mr. Jacobs's theory of Indian origin, especially in view of the additional evidence suggested by him in the apparent connection between the worship of Buddha's foot in later Buddhism,—which, developing doubtless out of the extravagant ceremonial of oriental countries, became a permanent feature in the religion,—and the use of the rabbit's foot among the negroes as a charm or mascot, a clear relic of fetishism.

But whatever the origin of the African tales, the fact remains that the hare (or rabbit) here too is a character of no little importance. Among the Hottentots,³³ for example, there is a story in which the hare appears in the moon, and of which several versions are extant. The story goes that the Moon sent the hare to the earth to inform men that, as she died away and rose again, so should men all die and again come to life. But the hare, either through forgetfulness or malice, told mankind that, as the Moon rose and died away, so should men die but rise no more. When he returned to the Moon and repeated the message he had delivered, the Moon in a rage seized a hatchet and split open his lip (another version says, burnt his lip with a hot stone), thus causing the 'hare-lip,' as it appears to this very day. In retaliation, the hare leaped into the Moon's face and scratched it so severely with his claws, that the scars may still be seen upon its bright surface.

³² *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 25; 253.

³³ *Hottentot Fables and Tales*, W. H. I. Bleek, London, 1864, p. 72; *South-African Folk-Tales*, J. A. Honey, Baker and Taylor Company, 1910, pp. 141-146.

This very same tale appears in a collection of Uncle Remus stories, entitled *Uncle Remus and the Little Boy*, issued within the last month by Small, Maynard and Company. The story is called "Brer Rabbit Has Trouble with the Moon," and tells how all the animals at one time living "next-do' neighbors ter de Moon," were greatly disturbed by the fact the "Unc' Moon" was "swinkin' up," and all sought in vain for a remedy. At last the Moon tells Brer Rabbit he wishes to take a holiday, but first must send word to Mr. Man lest he be "skeer'd ter death." Brer Rabbit offers to go for him to Mr. Man, and the Moon, having shown him the way, delivers the following message:

"I'm gittin' weak fer ter be mo' strong; I'm gwine in de shade fer ter git mo' light!"

In one great flying leap, Brer Rabbit reaches the earth, knocks at Mr. Man's door, and tries to say the words given by "Unc' Moon," but states his message as follows:

"I'm gittin' weak; I got no strenk; I'm gwine whar de shad-
ders stay."

Mr. Man, puzzled by such a message, sends back word:

"Seldom seed an' soon forgot; when Unk Moon dies his foots git col'!"

When Brer Rabbit returns with this message, it makes "Unk' Moon" "mighty mad," so that he picks up a shovel and "hit Brer Rabbit on de mouf an' split his lip. Brer Rabbit jump at Unk' Moon wid toof an' claw, an' dar dey had it up an' down. You kin see de marks down ter dis day—Brer Rabbit wid his split lip, an' Unk' Moon wid de scratches on his face."

The story, the same in all essential details as the Hottentot version, is, like many others, evidently imported from an African home, and is, besides, an interesting example of how the mind of primitive man, not in Africa alone, but in all other countries, in groping about to solve some of the simplest phenomena of nature, produced many an interesting myth.

But to return to our hero. Though thus exalted to the moon by the Hottentots in Africa and by the negroes in America, there are scarcely any other instances of deification of the hare in African folk-lore. Indeed, among the Hottentots themselves, though the hare in one story is said to use a cup out of which only his uncle, the lion, and he himself may drink, the favorite rogue

animal is the jackal.³⁴ And on the Slave Coast his rôle as trickster is usually filled by the tortoise (Awon), as it is taken on the Gold Coast by the spider (Anansi), whence are derived the numerous "Nancy" stories of the British West Indies.³⁵

With these exceptions, however, the hare as beast-hero reigns supreme in Africa from coast to coast and from the equator to the Cape. As might be supposed, the elephant,—in the words of Heli Chatelain,³⁶ the collector and editor of Angola tales,—is represented as 'supreme in strength and wisdom,' the lion is strong, but 'not morally noble, nor wise as the elephant'; the hyena appears as a type of 'brutal force and stupidity'; the leopard displays 'vicious power combined with inferior wits'; the fox, or rather jackal, who takes his place, exhibits astuteness; the monkey 'shrewdness and nimbleness'; the terrapin 'unexpected ability'; and the hare, or rabbit, 'prudence, agility, smartness'. It is worthy of note, in passing, that all these animals of the African folk-tales, as far as they appear in Uncle Remus, exhibit exactly the same characteristics as they show in the negro stories of the South.

In the folk tales of Angola, the hare, who occupies a place of no little importance, surpasses the jackal in shrewdness, and has also 'the swiftness and sagacity of the monkey without the latter's frequent recklessness.' Here "Mr." Leopard is the frequent dupe of "Mr." Hare, and constantly falls a victim to his practical jokes. On one occasion, when Mr. Hare is going out with a basket to bind squashes in the field, he meets Mr. Leopard, who laughs scornfully at the little figure with the big basket bigger than the hare himself. In reply to his taunts, and as a proof of his strength, Mr. Hare offers to carry Mr. Leopard himself in his basket. Mr. Leopard accordingly gets in, and Mr. Hare, under the pretence of saving him from a possible fall, ties him securely, then carries him home, flays him and eats him.

Again, acting as self-appointed umpire between Nianga, the hunter, and Mr. Leopard, the hare causes the leopard to return to the tree whence the hunter had released him, and orders Nianga to shoot him. On another occasion, captured by the leopard

³⁴ Macculloch, *The Childhood of Fiction*, p. 39.

³⁵ "Evolution in Folk-Lore," A. B. Ellis, *Pop. Science Monthly*, vol. 48, p. 93.

³⁶ *Folk Tales of Angola* (*Mem. Amer. Folk-Lore Soc.*, vol. I).

along with the monkey, the hare induces the leopard's wife to release him, and then the hare and the monkey, disguised as officers of the Lord Governor, arrest Mr. Leopard, force him to kill his fattest hog and feast them; make him burn his paws in cooking for them, so that his paws are spotted to this day; and at last, adding insult to injury, get off at a safe distance and mock him in his misery.

The jackal, too, who plays hide-and-seek with Mr. Hare, is terribly frightened when he comes upon the hare in a hole, and seeing only the hare's big, staring eyes, runs away in terror, exclaiming, "I, Jackal, oh! I have met an omen! What omen has eyes to look!" In the same way, it may be remembered, Brer Rabbit, in *Uncle Remus*, hides in the mud with only his eyes sticking out and fools Sis Cow ^{or} having ignominiously milked her dry.

In the Zanzibar²⁷ tales, on the opposite, or east, coast of Africa, Soongoora, the Hare, and Keeteetee, the Rabbit, are no less officious and meddlesome, and astute and clever in outwitting their enemies. "Now the Hare," says one story-teller of this region, "is the most cunning of all beasts—if you look at his mouth, you will see that he is always talking to himself."

Once, Soongoora, in company with Bookoo, the Rat, climbs into the great calabash tree of Simba, the Lion, steals his honey, and escapes by advising the lion to seize him by the tail and dash him on the ground. At last Simba is forced to admit that he has been fairly beaten and resolves to have nothing more to do with so clever an antagonist.

Keeteetee, the Rabbit, is equally resourceful in time of danger, and like Brer Rabbit is something of a philosopher. Having gone in for a little farming with Simba, the Lion, and Feesee, the Hyena, Keeteetee sets out with them to view their crops, proposing that he who shall stop on the way shall be devoured by the others. Though he himself is the first to violate their agreement, each time he stops he pretends he has paused to think over some profound question; for example, "When people put on new coats, where do all the old ones go to?" His companions are filled with wonder at these questions he propounds, and forbear to eat him. The Hyena, however, thinking to show off his philosophy likewise, fails miserably, and is devoured by the lion. Then the rab-

²⁷ *Zanzibar Tales*, Geo. M. Bateman, Chicago, 1901.

bit, pretending to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, runs into a cave, proposing that Simba come in after him. The lion tries to follow him, but just as in the Tibetan tale, gets his body stuck fast. Instead, however, of allowing him to starve to death as in the former story, the rabbit climbs upon the lion's back and proceeds to devour him, refusing to accept Simba's cunning advice that he begin his meal at the head. Keeteetee declares he is ashamed to look Simba in the face, and hence he must begin at the other end. At last, having eaten all he could, the rabbit left Simba there to a lingering death and went and became sole owner of the farm and its crops.

The tribes of the Fjort,³⁸ or region of the French Congo, relate a story of the rabbit and the antelope in which the rabbit deceives the antelope (the dupe in most of the tales of this locality), and nibbles up the butter, just as Brer Rabbit does in Uncle Remus. But in this tale the antelope afterwards constructs the figure of an animal about the size of a hare, smears it over with birdlime, catches the rabbit and kills him.

Likewise in the Kaffir folk-tales,³⁹ current among the people living on the western border of Cape Colony, the hare is the most cunning of all the animals, and succeeds in overreaching even a fabulous beast, inkalimeva, who has managed night after night to steal fat from their kraal, though one animal after another has stood guard.

Imported from Africa to the New World by the slaves in their folk-tales, the rabbit still maintains his superiority over the other beasts, and is the hero not of the Uncle Remus stories alone, but of the Bahama tales as well, though in the Jamaican collection of Walter Jekyll⁴⁰ he exhibits no traits of his traditional character. In Bahama, as well as among the Red Indians of North America, the rabbit, however, measures well up to the reputation which in both Asia and Africa he established as a mischief-maker, trickster, and rogue-hero. Just as in Asia his character degenerated from the lofty, pure wisdom and unselfishness of Buddha's spirit incarnate in him, so in North America among the Indians, Michabo, the semi-divine ancestor of the tribes,—he who, like

³⁸ *Folk-Lore of the Fjort*, R. E. Dennett (*Folk-Lore Soc. Pub.*, 1897).

³⁹ *Kaffir Folk-Lore*, Geo. M. Theal, London, 1886, p. 177.

⁴⁰ *Folk-Lore Soc. Pub.*, vol. 55 (1904), p. xxv.

Arthur "slew the beast, and fell'd the forest, letting in the sun," —fell from his high estate and became a mere vulgar trickster.⁴¹

In popular tales, however, this transition from an omnipotent god working miracles to a sham divinity exhibiting supposedly magic powers, is both easy and natural, and is abundantly illustrated in every age and among every people. In the Middle Ages, for example, the apocryphal tales of Christ's childhood, with their naïve examples of his wonder-working powers while yet a mere infant, arose in response to a natural instinct.

Thus, in the folk-tales of India, Asia, Africa, and North America, the hare, or rabbit, originally a god, degenerated into the popular hero of the beast-epic (though supplanted in Europe by the fox), and in almost every instance exhibits the very same characteristics: lazy, shiftless, greedy, selfish, unscrupulous, cunning, deceitful, boastful, delighting in practical jokes (often of a coarse nature), a leader in all mischief, even diabolical at times, frequently caught in the trap he has prepared for others, but always resourceful, and rarely failing to outwit all the other animals combined and in the end to avoid triumphantly every pitfall placed in his path. Such a character as this must owe its origin to primitive conditions when moral standards were low, and when roguery and trickery were recognized as the best means of getting on in life. It is common enough in the Middle Ages, when *Till Eulenspiegel* flourished, and others of his kind; and judging from the comic colored supplement, the character, even though robbed of most of its healthy humor and genuine humanity, though degraded to vulgarity and distorted almost beyond recognition, still appears in various shapes and under different names. In spite of all its shortcomings, then, this character of *Brer Rabbit* as depicted in *Uncle Remus* and in the folk-tales of other countries, is thoroughly human; he is a happy-go-lucky rogue, who lives from hand to mouth, with no thought of the morrow and no sense of responsibility, and who nevertheless comes out always on top. Perhaps that is the very reason why he has been so popular in all ages and in all climes.

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⁴¹ See Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 194.

THE 'WHITE HAND' OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES

It is as difficult to interpret by our own standards the sixteenth century conception of beauty, as it is to understand by our present ideas of what is humorous the Elizabethan sense of humor, with its evident enjoyment of physical mistreatment and misfortune. The sixteenth century was an age of particular striving after physical beauty, with a queen so fond of adulation that she found pleasure even after she had passed her sixtieth birthday in compliments paid to her physical charms,—charms which, if all accounts be true, were largely dependent upon the skillful use of gorgeous costumes and jewels.

Extravagance in dress was one of the means by which the age expressed its striving after the ideal of personal beauty. Upon the Queen's death, three thousand dresses were discovered in her wardrobe; and it was a common subject of comment on the part of the dramatists of that day that a courtier carried upon his back the value of several estates.

Another means by which especially the ladies of that day were helped in their efforts to attain the goal of absolute beauty was an unusual reliance upon the arts of the toilet. Coloring the hair and eyebrows, painting blue veins on the skin, dotting the face with numerous black 'spots,' unusual dependence upon the colors red and white, were a few of the means that brought aspiring ladies further along the road to beauty. The men of the day that would be in fashion dyed their sharply pointed, small beards red, to compliment the Queen, it is thought, whose hair was of that color.

It remained for Shakespeare, however, to give adequate and permanent expression to the ideal of beauty of his day. It is the colors of his imagination that have proved at the same time more real and more enduring than the most exquisite beauty that graced the court of Elizabeth. Before the charms of a Juliet or a Perdita the beauty of the most radiant lady of the court has gone down in the forgetfulness of three centuries. With Shakespeare's heroines,

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

One item in the catalogue of beauties that Shakespeare's heroines possess has passed unobserved or misunderstood; namely, their "white hands." Bartlett's *Concordance* gives a number of examples under "white hand;" but many other instances may be cited to show how fixed in Shakespeare's mind was this association of whiteness with the hands of his heroines. The following passages are good examples to show the pointedness with which the heroines' 'white hands' are referred to:

Lorenzo (of Jessica):

"Tis a fair hand [handwriting]; and *whiter* than the
paper it is writ on
Is the fair *hand* that writ. —*Merchant of Venice*, II, iv, 12.

Proteus (of Silvia):

Wringing her *hands*, whose *whiteness* so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III, i, 227.

Demetrius (of Helena):

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou holdest up thy *hand*: O let me kiss
This princess of *pure white*, this seal of bliss.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, 141.

The list of examples could be easily extended if we should include Shakespeare's references to the 'lily' and to the 'fair' hands of his heroines. Especially in *Venus and Adonis* and other earlier works do we find a frequent use of the epithet 'lily' to denote the beauty of a hand:

Full gently now she takes him by the *hand*,
A *lily* prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe. —*Venus*, 361.

She locks her *lily-fingers* one in one. —*Venus*, 228.

Her *lily-hand* her rosy cheek lies under. —*Lucrece*, 386.

Oh, had the monster seen those *lily-hands*.
—*Titus Andronicus*, I, iv, 44.

But Shakespeare's use of 'lily' as a descriptive adjective to picture the fairness of feminine beauty, a use that was popular with the lyrical poets of his day, becomes much less frequent after his earliest works, though with characteristic self-irony we find its use burlesqued in the mouths of Launce and of Flute:

Now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as *white as a lily* and as small as a wand.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, iii, 22.

Most radiant Pyramus, most *lily-white* of hue.

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, i, 95.

To this point, therefore, I wish to direct attention in this article. It has been questioned whether the stress that Shakespeare lays upon the 'white hand' of his heroines may not be an "unsavory commentary on the personal cleanliness of the ladies of that time."¹ In *Cynthia's Revels*, Jonson too darts his shaft of satire at this affected use of the word 'lily' by the courtier Amorphus (l. 864).

Shakespeare certainly had in mind a definite intention in his frequent and emphatic references to the whiteness of his heroines' hands. It was, however, no animadversion upon the personal cleanliness of the ladies of his day that prompted him to the frequent repetition of this thought. On the contrary, it was his tribute to their beauty in accordance with the standards of his day, which placed a fair skin among the rarest possessions of a beautiful woman. To the Elizabethan poets, exquisitely sensitive as they were to feminine beauty, a fair, soft hand with slender fingers appealed intensely. And Shakespeare, the most sensitive of these poets, repeatedly burst into lyrical raptures over the beauty of his heroines' hands:

Romeo (of Juliet):

They may seize on the *white wonder* of dear Juliet's *hand*,
And steal immortal blessing from her lip.

—*Romeo and Juliet*, III, iii, 35.

Florizel (of Perdita):

I take thy hand, this *hand*
As soft as Doves-downe, and as *white* as it,
Or Ethyopian's tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th' Northern blasts, twice o'er. —*Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, 391.

¹The new Variorum Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1907 (note), III, xiii, 167.

Shakespeare is not alone in his tributes to the beauty of a white hand. He shares his admiration with his age. This tribute to the 'white hand' was but a part of the age's worship of the blond type of beauty in preference to the brunette. A fair skin in the eyes of the Elizabethans was one of the chief charms of this highest type of beauty, the blond. Where nature had endowed a lady of that day with a delicate fair skin, sun-expelling masks were used to preserve "the lily tincture of her face."

Julia (to Silvia):

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is,
 When she did think my master lov'd her well,
 She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
 But since she did neglect her looking glass
 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
 The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks
 And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
 That now she is become as black as I.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV, iv, 154.

And where a maid was "too brown for a fair praise" (*Much Ado About Nothing*, I, i, 170), all of the resources of the toilet were employed to remedy this defect. "That skin, whose passe-praise hue scorns this poor term of white," is the praise that Astrophel pays to Stella's complexion (Sonnet LXXVII, l. 7).

Neck, arms and hands, as well as the face, if 'white' and not 'black,' were generally praised at this time for their 'hue.' But the praise of a fair woman's 'white hand' especially, was general in the literature of the day (Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, v, 2; Gifford's ed. p. 339; Lyly, *Campaspe*, Vol. II. *Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, Manly, p. 292, *et passim*; Spenser, *Amoretti*, I, line 1; XV, line 13; Middleton, *Blurt, Master-Constable*, p. 10, line 124, Bullen's *Middleton*, Vol. I, etc.). In Dekker and in Middleton I have found two unusual cases where a 'white hand' is mentioned as a distinction in the personal appearance of men. The "best and most essential parts of a gallant" are "good clothes, a proportionable leg, *white hand*, the Persian lock, and a tolerable beard," Dekker tells us in *Gull's Hornbook*, Chapter VI.

The example from Middleton is interesting:

Tailby. Give me
 Good legs, firm back, *white hand*, black eye, brown hair,

And add but to these five a comely stature;
Let others live by art and I by nature.

—*Your Five Gallants*, Bullen's *Middleton*,
Vol. II, IV, iii, 92.

Here we have a combination of 'white hand' and 'black eye' as in the case of Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Also in Sidney's Sonnet XCI, Stella, presumably Lady Rich, has 'milke hands,' along with her well-known black eyes. There is nothing unusual, then, in the 'whitely' complexion and 'white hand' of Rosaline together with her black eyes and 'velvet brow' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, III, i, 203, Variorum, note). I have noticed only one example in Shakespeare where he praises the whiteness of a man's hand, and that is in the case of Adonis.

Unfortunately, not all of the ladies of that day who possessed the admired 'white hand,' could say with Sidney, when speaking of Philoclea (Sidney's *Poems*, Grosart, Vol. II, p. 160, l. 121):

Her hand,

Where whiteness doth forever sit:
Nature herself enameled it.

Both study and diligence often assisted towards the desired whiteness. Hoby, in his translation of Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier*, *Tudor Translations*, p. 80, gives his fellow countrymen the Italian point of view upon certain feminine charms, including the 'white hand.' After remarking that "whyte teeth is a good sight in a woman," and that she must "bestowe laboure about them, to make them white, as she doeth in the face," he turns to the hands. "The hands . . . being delicate, smooth and faire . . . leave a very great desire of themselves, and especially after they are covered with gloves agayne, for a man would judge that in puttyng them on agayne, she passeth not and lytle regardeth whether they be in sight or no, and *that they are faire rather by nature, then by anye studye or diligence.*" It may be noted just here that the type of Rosaline's beauty (*Love's Labour's Lost*) was distinctly southern and in the praise given to her white hand, we have an echo of Renaissance standards of beauty, that may have had no little influence in establishing the popularity of the white hand among the English poets.

But even where the "whitenesse" was nature's own 'enamelling' (and this is the whiteness that Shakespeare praises) there were enemies to a fair skin in both sun and wind. Few beauties were so fortunate as Hero, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, in being able to disregard the elements, so far as any deleterious effect they might have upon her hands:

She wore no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands they were so white.

—Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Bullen's *Marlowe*,
Vol. III. p. 6.

Shakespeare has given us one description of a woman's hand that is as unattractive as its color is the opposite of white. In this description of feminine unloveliness the emphasis is distinctly not upon the uncleanliness of the hand but upon its dark color and general unattractiveness to the eye and touch. Rosalind is here trying to arouse the "tame snake" Silvius to a sense of Phoebe's unworthiness:

Ros. I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter.

—*As You Like It*, IV, iii, 25.

There are occasions where Shakespeare directs our attention towards hands that are unacquainted with cleanliness; but there is no thought of doing this when he refers to the white hands of his heroines. At such times he is the admirer of their beauty; and as he pays tribute to "rubious lips" and to "amber-coloured tresses," so here he does homage to the "white wonder" of one or another of his heroines' hands.

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THE VULGAR BALLAD

In literary criticism, as in other studies involving social judgments, the word 'popular' is a fruitful source of confusion. It lends itself to the predilections of the critic almost as unreservedly as does that old *ignis fatuus* of argument, the word 'natural.' Criticism has therefore been obliged to guard the term by careful definition before venturing to use it as an instrument of literary analysis. It has remained for our own time, however, refining upon the rather vague enthusiasm of the early romanticists, to attempt a rational theory of popular *origin* for certain classes of poetry which shall separate such poetry *ab ovo* from the poetry of the schools. This is the theory of "communal origin;" and it is applied especially to the traditional ballad.

The traditional ballad, we are told, differs from other poetry not simply in style but in the way it is made. Not only is it anonymous, but it really has no author, at least no single author. It is made by the homogeneous dancing throng of primitive society. Other poetry may be popular in its appeal and may actually have popular currency — may be sung by simple folk who are quite ignorant of its authorship — but it is only the poetry that springs from the homogeneous dancing throng that should be described as popular. Inasmuch, however, as we cannot in the very nature of the case produce documentary evidence of such origin for the ballads in our collections, recourse is had to stylistic peculiarities believed to be due to the communal method of composition to determine whether or no a given ballad goes back to a communal origin. Among these peculiarities are, in general, absence of the personal note, of reflection, of conscious artistry; and, in particular, certain structural differentiæ, the most important of which are a way of leaping without transition from one situation to another, and the development of a situation by incremental repetition, as in *Edward* or *Lord Randal*. Though one can hardly avoid an uneasy suspicion of *petitio principii* in this process, the increased clarity

and definiteness which it gives to our idea of the traditional ballad is a real gain in criticism.

In practice, the theory of popular origin is used to distinguish the traditional ballad not only from the literary ballad like *Paul Revere* or *The Ancient Mariner*, which have never had oral currency as anonymous song, but also from the vulgar ballad of the street, the ale-house, the lumber camp, the mine, the river, and the farmyard. These latter frequently live side by side with the traditional ballad in the hearts and on the lips of simple folk; they are almost always of untraceable origin, and are perpetuated from one generation to another orally as well as by print. When subjected to the test of style and structure, however, they are for the most part easily distinguishable from the traditional ballad, and are accordingly classified by the adherents of the theory of popular origin with the poetry of art. The vulgar ballad, that is to say, unlike the traditional ballad, is the work of an individual; its maker might, if he would, say with Touchstone, "A poor thing, sir, but mine own."

Anyone who will take the pains to make himself familiar with this vulgar ballad literature, whether in the output of the ballad press or in the oral literature of humble folk in our own time, is likely to be more impressed with its conventionality and impersonality than with its approach to the literature of conscious art. A careful comparison of vulgar balladry with the poetry of professed and acknowledged poets, especially when (as not infrequently happens) both use the same material, would undoubtedly throw much light upon the respective shares of individual invention and of traditional models in poetic production, and consequently upon the whole problem of popular poetry. The following rather miscellaneous notes make of course no such pretension. It will be enough if they suggest the value of a really critical study of the interrelation of the poetry of the street and that of the study.

I.

In the 'large room' of the British Museum, to which faithful students are admitted after a due period of probation, stands a row of solemn, dignified volumes represented in the Museum

catalogue by the press-mark Bks. 3. g. 4. Here, amid surroundings certainly never dreamed of by the authors and publishers, the *fliegende blaetter* of the ballad printers of the last century,—Pitts, and Such, and old Jemmy Catnach, “King of the Picts,”—have found a dim and chilly immortality. Roaring songs of the public house, sentimental ditties of the faithful loves of soldiers, apprentices, political catches, and the last words (in verse) of noted criminals; execrably printed, for the most part, on galley slips of various sizes, with woodcuts of unimaginable rudeness; intended to be hawked about in the streets of the capital and at rural fairs, droned forth by beggars and cripples, or trolled out in the haunts of vulgar mirth,—they have been carefully pasted into the somber folios of Bks. 3. g. 4, and there await the curious student of nineteenth century civilization. Other volumes contain collections made in the provinces, Northumberland especially, and of a somewhat earlier date; still others contain blackletter broadside sheets going back to the seventeenth century.

Street ballads they are often called, and indeed their temper is prevailing'y that of the street and the public-house,—of the town. In the town they were printed, from the town they were distributed. Yet from the very beginning of ballad-printing they were sold and sung in the country. The pack that rogue Autolycus had filled in London found a ready market at the sheepshearing in sea-coast Bohemia; and Autolycus's successors from that time to our own have plied their trade not only in the streets of the capital but also at country fairs, in rustic ale-houses, and along the country roads. In fact, the vulgar ballad of the twentieth century, lineal descendant of that which delighted Dorcas and Mopsa in the sixteenth, is better known and loved, perhaps is more often made, in the country than in the city; and such connection as it has with the city seems likely to be maintained in the future rather by the mail-order house than by the begging or peddling ballad-singer.

Whether in town or country, this vulgar balladry has for the most part a common quality, more easily felt than defined, which we may call the quality of the street. Fashions, to be sure, change here as elsewhere, though more slowly; the easy conven-

tions of this popular literature are not quite the same in the nineteenth century that they were in the seventeenth; yet the temper of it remains essentially the same in 1860 that it was in 1680. Its tone is unsophisticated without being exactly sincere; simple, but not fresh. A story of seduction or murder and its punishment, or a gallows repentance, is told with an evident intent of edification but without the accent of conviction. The woes of a faithful wife, one feels, are sung in the same gin-sodden voice that chuckles thickly over the ruse of a sharp-witted prostitute. Most sincere, perhaps, are the ballads of the returned soldier or sailor lover, found in countless versions but always reducible to one of three plots. Either (1) the returned lover, in disguise, tests the faithfulness of his betrothed, finds her true, and is recognized by the broken ring or coin; or (2) he comes back and finds her married or about to be married to another man, whereupon repentance, generally with a tragic outcome; or (3), pretending to be poor, he claims the fulfillment of her promise, is rejected and turned out of the house, then reveals his wealth and is besought to return, but rejects her with scorn. Those of the first group have commonly a conventional opening which has come down in unbroken line from Shakespeare's day, if not from an earlier time. The lover is wandering, "One morning in May," in a meadow, or by a river, or on the seaside, and there comes upon a fair maiden "making her moan." One recalls Breton's "In the merry month of May, In a morn by break of day," and the still more delightful song of Barnfield's (or is it Shakespeare's ?), "As it fell upon a day, In the merry month of May." Unhappily, the resemblance holds only in the opening lines; our street ballad soon returns to the level of the street.

II.

Yet despite the general homogeneity of this vulgar poetry, the issue of the Seven Dials presses in the nineteenth century, and the work of earlier ballad printers too, show now and then a considerable range of taste in the public addressed. Not only do we find, every now and then, a genuine 'traditional' ballad in these street prints, "sticking fiery off," as Professor Gummere

says, "from the sooty mass" in which it is embedded; we find also modern book poetry, sometimes of a highly artistic quality. There is perhaps little occasion for surprise in finding Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith* on one of Such's broadsides. Longfellow himself would probably have been pleased to see it there, since he once planned to have *The Wreck of the Hesperus* published in that way in Boston. But when we find Pitts filling out a sheet otherwise occupied by *Harry Bluff* and *Spanish Ladies* with the garden song from *Maud*, we are inclined to distrust a too-rigorous classification of tastes. Certainly we cannot convict of unalloyed vulgarity the taste that could enjoy the following anonymous lyric, found on one of Catnach's sheets:—

SOFTLY SLEEP MY BABY BOY

O! softly sleep my baby boy,
Rock't by the mountain wind,
Thou dream'st not of a lover false,
Nor of a world unkind.

O! sweetly sleep, my baby boy,
Thy mother guards thy rest;
Thy fairy clasp, my little joy,
Shall sooth her aching heart.

Wake, wake, and smile, my baby boy,
My heavy heart to cheer;
The wintry blast howls on the hill,
The leaf grows red and sear.

Oh! tell me, tell me, baby boy,
How shall I bear the cry,
When hunger gnaws thy little heart,
And death lights on thine eye.

Oh! was it meet, my baby boy,
That thou such weird should dree?
Sweet Heaven, forgive thy father false,
His wrongs to thee and me.

The printer has missed his rhyme in stanza II, and there is more than a suggestion of triteness in the last stanza; yet it is not merely its resemblance to Samela's lullaby in *Menaphon* nor its sharp contrast with most of Catnach's stuff that makes this little song seem poetic. It is an artistic lyric, a specimen not altogether contemptible of the poetry of culture. If its appear-

ance as part of Catnach's stock in trade is not a meaningless accident, it indicates that a taste for *The Gosport Tragedy*, *Johnny German*, and *The Drunkard's Home* is not incompatible with a liking for poetry.

III.

The prevailing temper of street balladry, as I have said above, can be more easily illustrated than defined. A good illustration of its romantic mood is afforded by a version of the story of the glove flung in the lions' pit, printed by both Pitts and Catnach and still current orally, in a somewhat abridged form, in Somerset. The fact that it has thrice been worked up by recognized poets,—Schiller in *Der Handschuh*, Leigh Hunt in *The Glove and the Lions*, and Browning in *The Glove*,—and that we know the story in a still earlier form which is probably the source of all the rest, enables us to compare the attitude and procedure of the vulgar balladist and the cultivated poet rather closely. The earliest known appearance of the story is in the *Mémoires* of Brantôme, published in 1666. M. de Lorge, a famous infantry captain under Francis I, is the hero, and the upshot is as in Schiller's poem and Leigh Hunt's. Hunt presumably got the story from Schiller's poem. Browning, who doubtless knew the versions of his two predecessors and Brantôme's original anecdote as well, has drawn out the story to a new moral of his own, introducing another lover to point the moral and complete the romantic framework of the incident. Whence our street balladist drew the story, whether from Leigh Hunt, from Browning, or, as some think,¹ from popular tradition even older than Brantôme, I do not know. At least he has transformed it thoroughly into the temper of vulgar romance. Catnach's print runs thus:

THE FAITHFUL LOVER, OR THE HERO REWARDED

Near to St. James's there liv'd a lady,
She was of birth and high degree,
The fairest beauty in London city,
Five hundred pounds a year had she.

¹ See notes to the Somerset version in *Folk Songs from Somerset*. No. LVI.

But she was of a resolution,
That no man her husband should be,
Unless it were some man of honour
In the wars by land or sea.
There was two young squires two young brothers
Came this lady for to view,
With a double resolution,
This young lady to pursue.
The one had a Captain's commission
Under the command of Colonel Carr
The other was a lieutenant,
On board the Tiger man of war.
O then bespoke the youthful lady,
I can but be one man's bride,
Come to me to-morrow morning,
And the matter I'll decide.
They went home till next morning,
Thinking on their fatal doom,
On their beds they lay musing,
Till the morning it was come.
When the morning it was coming,
To this lady they did repair,
The next morning very early,
To this lady they went so fair.
O then she bade her coach get ready,
And to the tower away drove she,
There to spend one single hour,
All the rarities to see.
Lions they were fiercely roaring,²
Which put this lady in a swoon,
For the space of three long hours,
But when she had her senses found,
When she had herself recovered,
Into the den she threw her fan,
Saying which of you will wed a lady,
Of which of you will fetch my fan?
Then bespoke the faint-hearted Captain:
"Of your offers I don't approve,
Madam there is so many dangers,
I will not venture for your love."
Then bespoke the bold lieutenant,
With a voice so loud and high,—
"Madam here is a man present,
Will fetch your fan or die."
Into the den he straightway enter'd,
Where the beasts they look'd so grim,

²This gives a hither date for the ballad. There was a royal menagerie at the Tower down to 1834, when the lions were removed to Regent's Park. Catnach began printing in London in 1814.

But still the man he grew more bolder,
 And he looked as grim as them,
 But when they saw the man was loyal,
 Down before his feet they lay,
 Then he stooped and the fan he gathered,
 And he brought it safe away.
 When she found the man was coming,
 And no harm to him was done,
 Then she said my dearest jewel,
 Come and take the prize you've won.
 Then bespoke the faint-hearted Captain,
 Like a man that is disturbed in mind,
 Saying into some shade I will wander,
 Where no mortal shall me find.

IV.

The difference between the poetry of the study and that of the street is probably greatest in the departments of lyric and romance. In satire the two classes naturally draw closer together. 'Scommatic' poetry, as Hobbes called it, sprang from the crowd and generally makes its appeal to the crowd. Swift and Defoe, our two great prose satirists, sent forth their work anonymously through channels closely resembling the printing houses in Seven Dials. And Bks. 3. g. 4, volume IX, contains one rather striking instance of interchange, not of theme simply but of finished product, between the street and the study.

Coleridge's *The Devil's Thoughts* is a daring and rollicking satire on the politics and politicians of the time, first printed in the *Morning Post* in 1799. It had a great run; it was imitated by Shelley in 1812 in a broadsheet entitled *The Devil's Walk*, and by Byron the year after in *The Devil's Drive*, and it was continued to an inordinate length by Southey (who, Coleridge tells us, dictated "the first three stanzas, which are worth all the rest," of the original) in 1827. It is therefore not surprising to find a truncated copy of the original piece among the sheet ballads in Bks. 3. g. 4, and another in a northern collection of about the same date — though its smartness and literary skill make it a pleasing surprise when one comes upon it. The surprise is lessened somewhat when one finds, in a collection of earlier ballads (Press-mark C. 22. f. 14), the late seventeenth century blackletter broadside of *The Devil's Oak: or, his Ram-*

ble in a Tempestuous Night, where he hapn'd to a Discourse with Men of several Callings, of his own Colour and Complexion. To a very pleasant new Tune. Here, though Coleridge in his notes gives no hint of the fact, is the complete plan and much of the manner of *The Devil's Thoughts*. It is hard to believe that it was not this broadside or one of its near relations that inspired Southey and Coleridge to the composition of their satire. Nor is that all. A comparison of *The Devil's Oak* with the Sow-gelder's Song in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush* (separately printed in *Wit Restored*, 1658) suggests that the vulgar balladist of the later built upon the courtly dramatist of the earlier seventeenth century; and it is most likely that Fletcher in turn got the suggestion for his sarcasm from some satirical street song.

V.

One comes to suspect that this instance is typical of the relation of the cultivated and the uncultivated in their use of literary material. The material of story and song does not work only up, as some evolutionists would have us believe, nor only down, as the now dominant theory of folk-tales seems to imply; instead, it is in a constant circulation, passing from the region of high art to that of vulgar legend, and thence back again, generally unrecognized, to the realm of literary art—

"Now up, now doun, as boket in a welle."

And who shall say, of any given tale, in which of our cultural strata it originated? In the Bks. 3. g. 4. collection are no less than four copies, by different printers of the nineteenth century, of *The Constant Farmer's Son*, the story of Keats's *Isabella*, told in the vulgar ballad style.⁸ Keats got the story, as he tells us in the poem itself, from Boccaccio. But our Seven Dials balladist is little likely to have got it from either Keats or Boccaccio, at least directly. And where did Boccaccio get it? In Keats, it is strangely romantic and highly literary. In *The*

⁸ The four copies do not differ greatly. I print here one of them, and, as an illustration of the oral transmission of vulgar ballads in this country in our own time, a Missouri version of the same story.

Constant Farmer's Son it is regular vulgar romance. Did the story come *up* to Keats, or *down* to the vulgar balladist?

In some cases the relation of a ballad to a literary poem on the same theme seems clear. When we find in *The Squire of Edinburgh* (Bks. 3. g. 4, vol. III) the same plot as in Scott's *Young Lochinvar*, we know enough about Scott's tastes and methods of work to feel sure that the indebtedness is his. When we find a blackletter ballad of *The Country Lass, who left her Spinning-Wheel for a more pleasant Employment* beginning "Sweet-faced Jenny received a Guinea," we feel that we know why Rossetti's *Jenny* is so named and begins as it does. But often we can only say that a vulgar and a literary form of the story coexists. We must let it go at that.

VI.

Even the most peculiar and out-of-the-way contrivances of the narrative artist are not safely his. Poe, we know, prided himself

THE CONSTANT FARMER'S SON

(Br. Museum Bks. 3. g. 4, Vol. I, p. 184—no printer's name given. The collection is said in the Museum catalogue to cover the period 1800-1870.)

It's of a merchant's daughter, in London town did dwell,
So modest tall and handsome her parents loved her well,
She was admired by lord and squire
but all their hopes were vain,
For there was one 'twas a farmer's son young Mary's heart could gain.

Long time young William courted her and fix'd the wedding day,
Their parents all consented but her brothers both did say,
There lives a lord who pledged his word and him she shall not shun,
We will betray and then we'll slay her constant farmer's son.

A fair was held not far from town those brothers went straightway,
And asked young William's company with them to pass the day,
But mark, returning home again
they swore his race was run,
There with a stake the life did take of the constant farmer's son.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

(Written down by C. M., a high-school pupil in West Plains, Mo., at the suggestion of his teacher, Miss G. M. Hamilton, who sent it to me. C. M. learned it from his mother, who in turn learned it from hers. The mother, and so far as I know the grandmother, were reared in Missouri.)

In a seaport town there lived a merchant,
He had two sons and a daughter fair.
An apprentice-bound boy from all danger
Courted this merchant's daughter fair.

Five hundred pounds was made her portion;
She was a neat and cunning dame:
Her brothers were so hard and cruel,—
All of this was to the same.

One evening they were silent, courting,
Her brothers chanced to overhear,
Saying. "Your courtship will soon be ended,
We will send him hither to his grave."

on originality of plot as well as of management. In 1846, commenting in *Graham's Magazine* upon a recent translation of Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*, he speaks in high praise of the story of *Gringulet et Coupe-en-Deux* told by one of the characters in Sue's book. "*Coupe-en-Deux* has an ape remarkable for its size, strength, ferocity, and propensity to imitation. Wishing to commit a murder so cunningly that its discovery would be impossible, the master of this animal teaches it to imitate the functions of a barber, and incites it to cut the throat of a child, under the idea that, when the murder is discovered, it will be considered the uninstigated deed of the ape." The author of *Murders in the Rue Morgue* is much afraid his friends will think him guilty of the unpardonable sin of plagiarism, until he recalls that his story was printed in 1841 and that "some years ago, *The Paris Charivari* copied my story with complimentary comments." *Ergo*, Sue has copied from Poe, not Poe from Sue.

These villians then returned home,
oh sister, they did say,
Pray think no more of your false
love but let him go his way,
For its truth we tell in love he fell
all with some other one,
Therefore we came for to tell the
same of the constant farmer's son.

As on the pillow Mary lay she had
a dreadful dream,
She dreamt she saw his body lay
down by a crystal stream,
Then she arose put on her clothes
to seek her love did run,
When dead and cold she beheld her
constant farmer's son.

The salt tears stood upon his cheeks
all mingled with his gore,
She shriek'd in vain to ease her pain
and kissed him ten times o'er,
She gather'd green leaves from the
trees to keep him from the sun,
And night and day she pass'd away
with her constant farmer's son.

But hunger it came creeping on
poor girl she shriek'd with woe,
To try to find his murderer she
straightway home did go,
Crying parents dear you soon shall
hear a dreadful deed is done,

Next morning early, breakfast over,
With them a hunting he did go;
They went over hills and lofty
mountains
And through some lonely valleys
too,
Until they came to a lonely desert,
There they did him kill and thro.

When they returned back home
that evening
Their sister asked for the servant
man;
"We lost him in the woods ahunt-
ing
And never more we could him
find."

Next morning she was silent, weep-
ing,
He came to her bedside and stood
All pale and wounded, ghastly
looking,
Wallowed o'er in gores of blood.

Saying, "Why do you weep, my
pretty fair one?
It is a folly you may pawn
Go over hills and lofty mountains,
This lonesome place you may me
find."

She went over hills and lofty moun-
tains,

It may be so; but it is at least as likely that Sue got the notion from the same source from which Poe got it, and that that source is an anecdote the English form of which appears in a Durham broadside in the Bell collection (press-mark 11621. i. 12) and elsewhere. The date of the print is somewhere between 1780 and 1820, according to the Museum catalogue, clearly antedating both the French and the American story. The ballad is a humorous piece entitled *The Monkey Turn'd Barber*. An Irishman goes into a barber's shop for a shave and is waited upon in the barber's absence by a trained ape (presumably an

In yonder vale lies dead and cold
my constant farmer's son.

Up came her eldest brother and
said it is not me
The same replied the younger and
swore most bitterly,
But Mary said don't turn so red
nor try the laws to shun,
You've done the deed and you shall
bleed, for my constant farmer's
son.

These villains soon they owned their
guilt and for the same did die
Young Mary fair in deep despair
she never ceased to cry.
Their parents they did fade away,
the glass of life was run,
And Mary cried in sorrow died for
her constant farmer's son.

And through some lonesome val-
leys, too,
Until she came to a lonesome des-
ert,
And there she found him killed
and thro.

His handsome cheeks the blood
was dyeing,
His lips were salt as any brine;
She kissed him o'er and o'er crying,
"This dear beloved friend of mine."

Three days and nights she did stay
by him,
'Twas on her bended knees she
stood;
All in the height of her great anger
She uttered forth such words as
these:

"My love, I thought I would stay
by him.
Until my heart should break with
woe;
But I feel sharp hunger growing on
me,
Which forces me back home to go."

When she returned back home that
evening
Her brother asked her where she'd
been.
"You hard and cruel and unkind
creatures!
For him alone you both shall
swing."

And then to avoid all shame and
danger
Away to the sea they both did go.
The wind did blow and it was no
wonder
The roaring sea proved both their
graves.

orang-outang). He is duly lathered, and seems to suspect nothing until the ape begins to carve him, whereupon he starts up in wrath.

"Then in came the barber all trembling with fear,
To see the wild Irishman to stamp and to swear,
What's the matter my friend returned he,
Don't you see that big rogue your father's cut me.
Indeed I've no father, long time he's been dead,
It's your grandfather then with his ugly grey head,
He's gone up the chimney, he dare not come down,
By my soul if I had him I'd crack his old crown."

And Pat runs out to the street and consoles himself at a neighboring grogshop.

Here clearly is the key to the mystery of the murders in the Rue Morgue — even the hint for the thrusting of the daughter's body up the chimney. Probably some orang-outang had really been trained to imitate his master's performances before the shaving-glass. It is possible, on the other hand, that the monkey of the ballad has come down from a higher literary level; that he is the illegitimate offspring of Sir Oran Haut-Ton of *Melincourt*.⁴

VII.

It is time to bring these ramblings to a close. Let me do so with a striking proof that there is really no barrier — which is not to say, of course, that there is no difference — between the pedestrian muse of street balladry and the most delicate lyric of art. We know how much Coleridge and Rossetti owed to the traditional ballad, and how much Kipling owes to the vulgar ballad of the street and the camp. As these have stooped to a lower cultural level for method and material, so the street balladist sometimes reaches up with clumsy fingers to try the delicate instrument of art.

In a collection of seventeenth century ballads (press-mark C. 22. f. 14, p. 159), is found the following blackletter broadside, "Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke."⁵

⁴Peacock's *Melincourt*, a genial satire upon Lord Monboddo's anticipations of Darwin (and Garnett) in *The Origin and Progress of Language*, was published in 1817.

⁵These were ballad publishers of the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Another copy is printed in the *Roxburgh Ballads*, III, 178 ff., where the editor points out that the ballad parodies not only Lovelace but also, in the third stanza, a song "sung by Nell Gwyn in Howard's play *All Mistaken*," which is itself a parody of a song in Davenant's *The Rivals*.

THE PENSIVE PRISONER'S APOLOGY

Directed to his Fellow-Prisoners wheresoever, wherein he adviseth them to be steadfast in faith and hope, and patiently to endure their careful imprisonment, and to keep their Vows, shewing the way to true liberty. Tune of *Love with Unconfined Wings*: Or, *No, no, no, no, not yet.*

Love with unconfined Wings, hovers about my gates,
And my divine Althema begins, to whisper at my grates,
When I lye tangled in her hair, being fettered in her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air, *knows no such Liberty.*

When like contented Lints I, with silver notes will sing,
The very meekness of the heart, and glory of the thing:
When I shall noise abroad and spread how good their vertues be,
Fishes that tipple in the deep, *knows no such Liberty.*

My lodging is on the cold boards, my cloaths are thin and bare,
False-hearted friends with flattering words, doth seek me to insnare:
They counsel me to change my mind, and so my words deny:
And I thereby shall surely find *a perfect Liberty.*

Faith, Hope, and Patience is my guide, my Conscience pure and clear,
So that the Lord be on my side, what Foe need I to fear?
I neither fear the stroke of Death, nor tyrants villany?
So soon as Christ receives my breath, *I gain true Liberty.*

A faithful vow I once did make, which now I will maintain:
Whilst I have tongue and breath to speak and life in me remain:
Rather then from Religion turn, in fiery flames to fry,
And if my Corps to ashes burn, *my soul gains Liberty.*

Patience makes plaisters for my sores love lives without controul,
They lock my body within the doors, but cannot lock my soul:
My Muses too and fro doth run, above and beneath the sky:
The greatest Potentate under the Sun, *oft wants such Liberty.*

Our Keepers cruelty is great, to one and to us all,
He bids us eat our flesh for meat, or stones that's in the wall:
Yet though I am in prison cast, my sences mount on high,
The wind that bloweth where it list, *knows no such liberty.*

'Tis neither pardon from the Pope nor prayers made to Saints,
That can enlarge my further scope nor shorten my complaints:
'Tis Christ above, the Lord of Love, which for mankind did dye,
None but he can pardon me, *nor work my liberty.*

There's many men hath Treasure store, yet are so worldly bent,
Having too much they scrape for more yet never are content,
Whilst I that am the poor'st of all from worldly care am free,
Which makes me think they live in thrall, *and I at liberty.*

The man that bears a wavering mind is subject to much woe,
He that to anger is inclin'd must sorrow undergo,
But he that hath a patient heart, though he a prisoner be,
Exceeds both nature, skill, and art, *in point of liberty.*

You pensive prisoners every one with hearts loyal and true,
This lines of mine to work upon, I dedicate to you.
Let faith and patience be your guide, and you in time shall see,
The powers of heaven will so provide *you shall have liberty*.

Stone walls cannot a prison make, nor Iron bars a Cage,
A spotless soul being innocent, calls that his hermitage
So I am blameless in my choice, and from all troubles free,
Angels alone that are above, *enjoys such liberty*.

What maundering conventicler is this, whose puritan soul,
through thicker walls than those of his London prison, has heard
the airy music of Lovelace's song and tried upon the wings
thereof to send forth his own religious emotions? The church,
to be sure, from early times has been ready to turn the powers
of this world to its own uses; but I know of no other instance
combining so many antitheses as this — the flippant courtier and
the lowly religious enthusiast, the Anglican and the dissenter,
the perfected lyric of art and vulgar balladry.

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TENNYSON'S FRIENDSHIPS

Reading the poetry of Alfred Tennyson, one is impressed by the warmth and purity of tone of those verses especially dedicated to the great laureate's friends. A gossip-loving world, which catches gladly upon the legend of General Washington's reported profanity to Lee at Monmouth, has characteristically made much of a certain story of Tennyson's 'bearishness' and magnified his long-continued retirement from the world at large into something approaching a confirmed dislike for all men. As a matter of fact, it was sensitiveness which lay behind both of these traits, a lifelong sensitiveness, about which he came to set up, as a sort of shield, a gruffness of tone and manner really wholly foreign to him, for at heart he was almost feminine in his tenderness. Born of this tenderness, and in spite of the sensitiveness, he was possessed of a something which might almost warrant the phrase "genius for friendship." His intimacies were as few as are those of all great men, but there were many who stood near to him throughout his long career, as if to evidence Charles Darwin's dictum that the duration of any man's friendships is the best measure of his worth. With no business connections to engender petty littlenesses, and no political partisanship to breed rivalries, this poet, whom Stopford Brooke has called "the most perfect blossom of modern British letters," as if realizing that he had come into the world to convince it of the eternal truth of love and beauty, gave himself large-heartedly to all who entered closely into his life, exemplifying in these relations of "the daily come-and-go," as in his writings, the unconscious but consistent call of a deep affection.

This was true from his first days to his last; from those early years at the Somersby rectory, just turned of a century ago, on till the long road had wound past its eighty-third milestone, as season followed season in Epping Forest, at Tunbridge Wells, in great gray London, on the Thames at Twickenham, down in Farringford, and at the splendid country seat at Aldworth, Surrey; till at length the man was carried to his long rest beside

Robert Browning and before the tomb of Chaucer. The very names of the pallbearers who bore the dead poet into the Abbey, that October day in '92, are suggestive of the range of the man's attachments: the Duke of Argyll and the historian Froude; Lord Dufferin and the "Grecian" Jowett; Salisbury and the philosopher Lecky; Selbourn and Robert T. Lincoln, then American Ambassador at St. James, with Lord Rosebery to add yet more to statecraft and scholarship, and Lord Kelvin to represent the achievements of natural science. All had shared Tennyson's friendships.

The poet's friends ranged from old to young. On the one hand stood Leigh Hunt, who had so highly praised that early verse which appeared in type in 1830; and the veteran actor Macready, to whom, on his retirement, Tennyson wrote one of his finest sonnets; and the banker-poet Rogers, to whose refusal of the laureateship upon the death of Wordsworth he owed his own elevation to the bays and the perch of canary. On the other were such young men (then) as Frederick Harrison, Charles Stuart Calverley, and the late Algernon Swinburne, who called upon the older singer in the Isle of Wight in 1858, to be writ down as "a modest and intelligent young man;" a half dozen years later, Tennyson declared the *Atalanta in Calydon* "strong and splendid," "one of the finest pieces of poetic craftsmanship" he had ever enjoyed.

Many-sided as he himself was, it was but natural that Tennyson in his fellowships should have included all interests in life. From the year of Victoria's accession to his own final illness, he was bound close to the "Grand Old Man," Gladstone, who some four or five months his junior, shared with him his birth-year as well as many of his interests; it was through Gladstone that he was raised to the peerage eight years before his death. He took more than one trip at sea on Lord Brassey's "Sunbeam," and for years exchanged letters with Huxley and Darwin. In addition to Macready, his friendships with those of the foot-light world included the Kembles, who brought out *The Falcon* at the St. James Theatre in December, '79, and Henry Irving, who, from the time of his production of *Queen Mary* at the Lyceum in '76, was constantly and intimately associated with

the great poet-playwright. In the realm of art Tennyson had warm regard for Watts and Millais, each of whom painted his portrait, while the latter joined with the late Holman Hunt and Rossetti in illustrating the collected poems which appeared in the mid fifties.

To these must be added, of course, most of the great names of contemporary British Letters. With the Brownings he enjoyed most intimate relations, saw not a little of Lewis Morris, and much of Ruskin and Carlyle, grievously disappointing the latter, by the way, when he turned his splendid gifts to the telling of the Arthurian legends, instead of dedicating them, as the "Sage of Chelsea" would have had him do, to ends purely didactic and ethical. Carlyle's description of the poet bears repeating: "A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-bearded man; dusty, smoky, free and easy,"—and the 'smoky' inevitably recalls the story which Jane Carlyle used to tell of that evening when her husband and Tennyson sat for three hours silent in the basement kitchen of the "eminent, antique" house on Cheyne Row,—smoking always and talking not at all. It well bears out Mrs. Craik's "true test for friendship"—"to sit in perfect silence, without wearying of one another's company." On the night in question, the guest is said to have taken a tardy departure with the laconic, "Well, it's been a pleasant evening."

The novelists Dickens and Thackeray shared this fellowship, and the poets Palgrave and Patmore,—Palgrave, who turned to Tennyson so often for advice when compiling his *Treasury*, and Patmore ("mystical lyrist of *The Angel of the House*"), who recovered for the world the invaluable manuscript of *In Memoriam*, which the author had left in a provision closet in some London chambers. He wrote back to Patmore of the oversight, but the landlady in question assured the inquiring caller that there was nothing on those shelves, and the precious roll of papers was found only when insistence had beaten down a first and second rebuff.

Such a chronicle as this should begin with the poet's Cambridge days; he himself once said that the intimacies of those undergraduate years had done far more to school his heart than

had the old university itself. Tennyson, a youth of nineteen, entered Trinity College when Dr. Christopher Wordsworth was Master; the Carlysles were just then setting up housekeeping at Craigenputtock. Three years later, he left without taking a degree; Charlotte Bronté was then painfully gathering her material for *Shirley* at Roe Head. Trinity, which had mothered Newton and Bacon, Dryden and Herbert, Cowley and Byron, fostered during those brief months of Alfred and Charles Tennyson's studies a little secret society called 'The Apostles,' the members of which, besides the brothers from "the nest of nightingales" at Somersby, were Brookfield, Trench (destined, when Dublin's Archbishop, to write charmingly of the romances that lie behind everyday words), Arthur Hallam, Alford, one day to be Canterbury's dean as well as poet, and Monckton Milnes. The last named, even before he had achieved the title of Baron Houghton, did Tennyson realest service, for when Sir Robert Peel, then Premier, had at his disposal a government pension of some \$1,000 a year and was hesitating upon whom he should bestow it, Milnes read aloud to him his comrade's *Ulysses*, which settled the matter in the writer's favor. Milnes, too, and Hallam competed with Tennyson, in those Cambridge days, for the Chancellor's Medal, and were worsted by his *Timbuctoo*.

Four others of his university associates were F. D. Maurice, Merivale, son of the historian; Charles Buller and J. R. Spedding, the one to go so soon into public life and the other to become the editor of Bacon. The influence of the first-named capacious and fertile, if somewhat vague, mind is constantly to be seen in the *In Memoriam*. It may well be added, too, that Maurice and Henry Hallam, the historian father of the short-lived son, stood godfathers to Hallam Tennyson, when he appeared in the world in 1852.

It was between Arthur Hallam and Tennyson, however, that the fondest and warmest bond of attachment existed, though that friendship was to last but a half dozen years. Not long after his engagement to the poet's sister, young Hallam died in Vienna (September, 1833), and after seventeen years of loving labor, with its many "short swallow-flights of song, that dip

their wings in tears and skim away," came *In Memoriam* to immortalize both dead and living, and to take stand, beside *Lycidas* and *Adonais*, as one of the world's greatest elegiac poems. Victoria preferred this "Book of Job of the Nineteenth Century" to all save the Bible, and it was unquestionably this noble tribute of a noble affection which, more than any one thing, placed the Laureate's mantle about the shoulders of the elegist.

If the Cambridge years bound together this group of notables with the common tie of their regard for Tennyson and his for them, so there came, a decade later, a second period not dissimilar in the fellowships which resulted. Soon after the publication of the poems of '24, including *The Lotus Eaters* and *Locksley Hall*, whose undulating lines "glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a golden braid," Tennyson, then in London, was elected to the chosen few who formed the "Annoymous Club," was made warmly welcome in the brilliant circle at Holland House, among such as Moore and Macaulay, Rogers and Watts; while the hostess of "Bath House" ("with the soul of a princess and captainess") was bringing together in Mayfair such as Carlyle and Froude and Browning and Tennyson.

It was about this same time that a pleasant little note of the future laureate's suggests the name of yet another friend, Edward Fitzgerald. Written in '47,—the twelve-month of the initial appearances of *Jane Eyre* and *Tancred* and *Vanity Fair*,—this epistle runs:

My dear Fitz:—Ain't I a beast for not answering you before? Not that I am going to write now, only to tell you that I have seen Carlyle more than once, and that I have been sojourning at 42 Ebury Street for some twenty days or so, and that I am going to bolt as soon as ever I can, and that I would go to Italy if I could get anybody to go with me, which I can't, and so I suppose I shan't go, which makes me hate myself and all the world. For the rest I have been dined *usque ad nauseam*. However, this night I have sent an excuse to Mrs. Procter, and here I am alone, and wish you were with me. My book is out and I hate it, and so no doubt will you; never mind, you will like me none the worse, and now good night. I am knocked up and going to bed.

"My book" was *The Princess*, that romantic medley of the England of Victoria, superimposed on a background of the England of Richard Cœur de Lion, written in a blank verse soft and gorgeous, broken now and again by some of the most perfect lyrics in the language, those intercalary songs which fall "between the rougher voices of the men, like linnets in the pauses of the wind."

The intimate relations between Tennyson and "the shiest of all literary celebrities," as Dr. Nicoll calls Fitzgerald, though the two had been at Cambridge together, began some five years after Tennyson had left Trinity. It was in '35 that they visited together at Spedding's home in the lake country, and Fitzgerald has left record of how the latest teller of the "Morte d'Arthur" read to them from his "little red book," claiming that he had to interpret his own poems, as their host, when he tried to read aloud, enunciated "as though he had a mouth full of bees." Resting on their oars on the bosom of Windermere, Tennyson declaimed *The Gardner's Daughter* and *The Day Dream*:

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps,
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.

"Not bad, that, Fitz, is it?" was the writer's comment.

At this time Fitzgerald was greeting every expression of the genius of the laureate-to-be with an outburst of joy which must have delighted the heart of that sensitive poet. So highly did he rank the promise of his friend, indeed, that he was constantly predicting some monumental work soon to come, and so, as the *Idylls* began to appear, this scholarly eccentric, who, like Carlyle, took no least interest in the love tales of chivalry, felt keenly disappointed. At first he thought *The Princess* smacked a little with "the old champagny flavor," but he soon cooled toward it. *In Memoriam* quite failed to appeal to him; he wrote of it to Frederick Tennyson: "It is full of the finest things, but it is monotonous, and has an air of being evolved by a mere poetical machine, albeit of the highest order." To the end he held that Tennyson never added materially to his fame after the poems which appeared in '42, and lamented that the poet had been obscured by the artist:—"He has lost that which caused the long roll of the Lincolnshire wave to reverberate in

Locksley Hall." Eventually (and naturally) Tennyson ceased to submit his manuscript for Fitz's criticism, whereupon those criticisms, made upon the printed pages, became more and more harsh. In spite of all this, let it be added, Fitzgerald was ever an ardent admirer of Tennyson, while Tennyson's tenderest side was ever turned toward "dear old Fitz." One of the most sympathetic pieces of dedicatory writing in the language is that which inscribed the volume *Tiresias* to Fitzgerald's memory in 1885, two years after he had been laid to rest in the Boule churchyard, under the Nashapur rosebush.

"The personal Tennyson," to quote the phrase of those who would build up a controversy about the subject, was far indeed removed from anything which meant "all things to all men," but he was a good friend to his friends and they were many. An off-hand comment which appears in a letter of Thackeray's to Mrs. Procter, may be added in final proof of this,—and it is to be remembered that the novelist knew Tennyson from the early days at Cambridge, where, indeed, Thackeray had written a good-natured parody of the *Timbuctoo* prize poem. He wrote:

Alfred Tennyson, if he can't make you like him (though he almost invariably does that, when he has a mind) will make you admire him. He seems to me to have the *cachet* of a great man. His conversation is delightful; full of breath, manliness and humor; he reads all sorts of things, swallows them, and digests them like a great poetical boa-constrictor, as he is. Perhaps it is the great big yellow face and the growling voice that have made an impression on me; manliness and simplicity go a great way with me, I fancy.

And manliness and simplicity were the key notes of the Tennysonian friendships.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Philadelphia.

REVIEWS

THE RIDDLES OF THE EXETER BOOK. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Glossary by Frederick Tupper, Jr., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of Vermont. (Albion Series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Poetry). Boston: Ginn & Co. 1910.

There has been no edition hitherto of the *Riddles of the Exeter Book* with full critical apparatus, and to supply this want was perhaps the finest opportunity left for the Anglo-Saxon editor of poetical texts. Professor Tupper has risen in the fullest measure to the height of this opportunity and has given us one of the very best editions that we have of any Anglo-Saxon text. As far as the sources and solutions of the riddles are concerned, he has prepared himself for his task by a more thorough investigation of the whole field of early riddle literature than any one else who has ever dealt with the collection in the Exeter Book, so that his judgment of the work of his predecessors in this field will carry the weight that pertains to an exceptional familiarity with the methods of the riddle-makers of earlier ages. How exceptional that familiarity is has been sufficiently manifest from the studies in this species of literature which he has published during the past three or four years in *Modern Language Notes* and other technical journals.

The Introduction begins with a discussion of the different kinds of riddles from both the historical and logical points of view and includes next a review of the various riddle-collections of the early Middle Ages which may be regarded as offering originals or analogues to the riddles of the Exeter Book. This review embraces, of course, collections like those of Symphosius, Aldhelm, and the rest, but it also takes account of the folk-riddles, whose relation to the riddles of the Exeter Book it is the special merit of Professor Tupper to have emphasized. The editor now passes to the discussion of the much-vexed question of the authorship of the Anglo-Saxon riddles and comes to the conclusion that they are nearly all the work of one author but that this author is not Cynewulf. To be sure, in *Modern Language Notes* for December, 1910, Professor Tupper has since

changed his position on this question, owing to an ingenious interpretation of the First Riddle which he has lighted on as a logograph of Cynewulf's name. This interpretation is a very plausible one, but in any event the evidences of substantial unity of authorship which the editor has collected in the present book are convincing. Still further, there can be no doubt that he is right in his contention that the Anglo-Saxon riddles are *Kunsträtsel* with a large alloy of popular elements. Indeed, they are much less dependent on earlier literary enigmas than has been sometimes maintained.

A good many of the riddles are comparatively easy of solution. Indeed, some of the best of them are hardly more than descriptive poems with the title left off. For instance, if Shelley's *Cloud* were printed without a title, we should have such a "riddle" as two of the Storm pieces of the Exeter Book, and the analogy between Suckling's *Candle* with its *double entente* and the Twenty-Sixth Riddle is even closer.

Not only the easier riddles, however, but the majority of those that are more difficult found satisfactory solutions now more than fifty years ago at the hands of Franz Dietrich. Most of Dietrich's solutions have stood the test of time; on the other hand, the active discussion of the riddles that has gone on in recent decades has been rather barren—perhaps, unavoidably so. In the case of the more difficult pieces, all the possibilities of suggestion have been exhausted, so that the task of the editor has consisted mainly in a choice of interpretations. In the notes to each riddle Professor Tupper weighs these various interpretations in the minutest details and with exemplary learning and judgment. Furthermore, he has himself offered new solutions for a certain number of riddles, with results that are most satisfactory, perhaps, in the case of the concluding riddle of the collection, No. 95 (The Moon).

The Notes to which I have referred, besides the discussion of solutions, contain ample observations on textual and linguistic matters. Equally thorough are the Bibliography and the Glossary, the latter being of particular interest, owing to a large number of *hapax legomena* and words relating to objects of daily life that occur in these riddles.

In the preparation of his text, Dr. Tupper has incidentally used to advantage the beautiful transcript (neglected by all previous editors) of the Exeter Book made in 1831-2 by Robert Chambers, at a time when some words of the original MS. were more legible than now. With a wise conservatism, which our Teutonic brethren—especially Professor Moritz Trautman—might well imitate, he sticks to the manuscript, except where it is manifestly corrupt, not considering himself at liberty to emend whenever the readings of this manuscript fail to accord with some preconceived interpretation. Readers of the *Publications of the Modern Language Association* will be familiar with Professor Tupper's recent paper exposing the absurdity of these arbitrary methods, in which confident assumption is offered as a substitute for a moderate degree of acumen.

We cannot leave the present admirable work without adding our tribute to the interest of the Anglo-Saxon Riddles and expressing our gratitude to their author (wherever his spirit may now be) for having had the courage to turn his back on the whole host of saints, whose inhuman egotism was enough to have arrested the progress of Christianity indefinitely, and to sing, though in this humble form, of art, of storms, of birds, of the implements of war and of peace, of the ways of a man with a maid—in fine, of an astonishing variety of subjects which, standing close to the "primal sanities" of life, must ever be of interest to the untrammeled human mind.

J. DOUGLAS BRUCE

FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE. By Richard Burton. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1909.

HYLAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Edwin Preston Dargan. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Though alike in outward appearance, these two slender volumes of recent poetry have little in common. Each, to be sure, is from the pen of a college professor; each is chiefly lyrical; and in each we find the same careful workmanship resulting in perfection of form. Otherwise the two books furnish a striking contrast.

Professor Dargan here confines the exercise of his poetic

talents to a comparatively limited field; almost all the poems may be classified as lyrics of love, of nature, or of literary appreciation, the first group—much the largest—dealing especially with love's disappointments and despair. The treatment given this subject-matter is more often symbolic and mystical rather than direct and definite. Two characteristics especially distinguish the style: a melody that is rarely interrupted and a general sensuous appeal at once suggesting Swinburne. On the whole, the spirit of the poems is paganistic—and often pessimistic as well.

From the Book of Life, on the other hand, contains poems that are as varied in topic as the title of the volume would suggest: from the practical to the ideal, from childhood to old age, from the human to the divine—in every direction the range is wide. There is little here that is vague, indirect, nebulous; the reader has never to stop and ponder in order to determine what it is all about. The style is restrained and calm, polished rather than ornate, and intellectual rather than emotional. Almost always the poet has a helpful lesson to teach us or a note of hope and Christian courage to sound in our ears.

It were vain to attempt *ex cathedra* a comparative valuation of the two books. Unquestionably, each poet has wrought well after his own fashion, has produced work that is much above the general level of modern verse. What most strongly impresses the reader of both volumes is this present-day recurrence of a fundamental poetic difference between Poe and Longfellow, or between Swinburne and Tennyson.

C. M. NEWMAN.

COWBOY SONGS AND OTHER FRONTIER BALLADS. Collected and edited by John A. Lomax. New York: Sturgis and Walton Company.

Those who read Professor Lomax's article in the January *Review* on "The Cowboy Songs of the Mexican Border" will welcome the opportunity to examine in this volume the complete poems and songs from which only extracts were there made. Besides a facsimile letter from Mr. Roosevelt to the author emphasizing the value of the collection to the student of

literature and history, and a brief introduction by Professor Barrett Wendell, there is a prefatory note in which Professor Lomax interprets the spirit of the ballads and briefly explains his method of collecting and editing them. The book, though professedly popular in tone and plan, is an important contribution to ballad literature, and should prove an incentive to students in other sections of the country to make permanent record of similar folk-songs.

McB.

RHYMES OF HOME. By Burges Johnson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

FOREST AND TOWN. By Alexander Nicholas DeMenil. New York and Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.

VIRGINIA: A TRAGEDY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Marion Foster Gilmore. Louisville, Kentucky: John P. Morton & Company.

MAYBLOOM AND MYRTLE. By Samuel Minturn Peck. Boston: Dana Estes & Company.

MY THREE LOVES. By Beverley Dandridge Tucker. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

THE HILL O'DREAMS. By Helen Lanyon. New York: The John Lane Company.

THE POEMS OF SOPHIE JEWETT. Memorial edition. With biographical introduction. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

SABLE AND PURPLE. By William Watson. New York: The John Lane Company.

Bound in blue checked gingham suggestive of pinafores, and decorated on the inside covers back and front with dainty sketches of children swinging and reading under the shade of an old oak before the home porch, Burges Johnson's rhymes are adapted both to grown-ups and to children, and, in the words of the author, "have but one excuse for their wide variety—a spirit of home bade the writing of them all." The sentiment is true, the style simple, and the verse musical.

Not as much can be said of Dr. DeMenil's verse, about one third of which, he tells us in his preface, are collected from Sunday issues of St. Louis and other daily newspapers. Other verses are reprinted from "a former book by the writer," *Songs in Minority*. But "many of the verse bearing date subsequent to 1886 herein receive their baptism of type." In the juvenile

verse, "written when the author was in his twenties," there is little to justify their recall from the oblivion of a newspaper office; nor does the maturer verse contain much of permanent worth, despite the author's prefatory warning to "the average critic" that "the writer has 'the honesty of his convictions.'"

In *Virginia*, the theme of which is the well-known story of Virginius sacrificing his daughter to save her from the lust of the tyrannical Claudius, there is an ambitious and praiseworthy attempt at a tragedy in blank verse. But the play has many and obvious defects, apparently those of a beginner. There is, first of all, a woodenness in the characters, especially the men. Where we expect strength and true passion, we discover only a puerile outburst of rhetorical exclamation.

Appius rises, his face ablaze with passion:

"Make way, ye fools; I'll call my colleagues here
With all their lictors! There will be bloodshed!"

The blank verse is stiff and strongly end-stopt: and there are surprising errors in grammar, the most glaring of which is the constant use of *hath* as a plural. The play is well conceived, but the author has failed to do justice to the grandeur and awfulness of the theme.

More favorable criticism may be made of the short poems contained in this same volume, some of which display true poetic feeling.

In *Maybloom and Myrtle*, the mood is of a far different sort—light and gay, with only a suggestion of seriousness in a group of fourteen short poems at the close, entitled "Song and Shadow." The best poems in the volume are included in the "Lyrics of Nature" and "Light Verse," for the "Lyrics of Love" seem a bit artificial and lead one to suspect that the author is a confirmed bachelor, whose love affairs have never weighed heavy on his heart. In all his verse there are grace, lightness, abandon, and a very kindly spirit that looks on the joyous side of life.

The "three loves" of the stalwart Bishop Coadjutor of Virginia belong to the camp and field, "love's garden," and the sanctuary, and the verses make clear that the Bishop was a

whole-hearted fighter and lover and that he is to-day a manly apostle and soldier of righteousness. In his poems celebrating the old South and her heroes in the Civil War, there is no trace of bitterness, no raking up of dead issues, no vain regret for days that are gone, but a natural, honest pride in brave deeds and noble men.

In *The Hill O'Dreams* there is Irish verse, melodious in metre, plaintive in tone, with an occasional touch of whimsical humor; weird too at times, with a suggestion of haunted pools by the wayside; and, in one poem at least, vigorous in its call for strong and self-sacrificing men to help Ireland in its need.

Drawing their inspiration from the art and poetry and scenery of Italy, from her reading and study of mediæval English, French, and Latin poetry, and from her joy in the beauty of earth and sea and sky, the poems of Sophie Jewett exhibit a wide range of subject and a notable variety in verse form. Though many of the poems are tinged with sadness and shadowed by the thought of death, there is no morbidness in them, no weak lament, no rebellion against the inevitable, but always a spirit of courage and hope and a faith in the immortality of love.

The latest poems of William Watson appear in a thin volume of less than fifty pages, and include a tribute to the late King Edward and to his successor, King George; a dramatic dialogue between King Alfred (drawing near to his last days) and his good friend, Asser, the Welshman; and a few condensed, realistic sketches of a storm at sea, followed by swift glimpses of New York, of "Florida's sweet orange-flaming shore," and of Cuba, "a balmy land of dusky faces." "Sable and Purple," the poem which gives the title to the volume, is a worthy tribute to a good king:

A man not too remote, or too august,
For other mortal children of the dust
To know and to draw near.

He saw clear Duty plain, nor from that highway swerved,
And, unappalled by his majestic fate,
Pretended not to greatness, yet was great.

And for King George the language is not less strong and explicit, nor the tribute less dignified, graceful, and sincere:

And may the inscrutable years,
That claim from every man their toll of tears,
Weave for your brows a wreath that shall not fade—
A chaplet and a crown divinely made
Out of your people's love, your people's trust:
For wanting these all else were but as dust
In the great balance wherein Kings are weighed.

McB.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, 1832-1910. By William Morton Payne, LL.D.
Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The year 1910 was made notable in literary and social annals by the deaths of Björnstjerne Björnson and Leo Tolstoi. The coupling of these names is suggested not merely by the coincidence of the two deaths, but also and far more by the many points of resemblance between the two men. Each came to be regarded as the intellectual spokesman of his own country, each started as a novelist and ended as a social reformer, each was an idealist and each showed an almost fanatical love of truth and justice, each worked away from the faith in which he had been reared. We are not concerned here with the question of whether these two men were right or wrong in their religious beliefs. Right or wrong they were perfectly sincere and honest in their views and showed the courage of their convictions.

In the monograph on the Norwegian writer, the religious development of Björnson is clearly indicated, but the presentation is at times marred by the suggestion that his was the only possible solution of the great question of religious belief. It is one thing to describe the mental processes by which a certain individual has developed "a gospel that needs no church for its promulgation, and no ceremonial for the enhancement of its impressiveness." It is quite another thing to state that "it is no small thing to have found the way, and to have helped others likewise to find the way, out of the mists of superstition, through the valleys of doubt and despondency athwart the thickets of prejudice and bigotry, with all their furtive foeman, up to these sublime heights of serenity." As a description of Björnson's

later religious views this passage is undoubtedly true. It is true, too, that Björnson was often attacked by both his theological and his political opponents in a narrow spirit of intolerance; but it is also true that he often invited attacks by his own lack of tact and by the uncritical enthusiasm with which he frequently presented his own views and opposed the views of others. Bitterly as he resented intolerance, Björnson, like many liberal thinkers, was himself extremely intolerant.

But of greater interest to the general reader than the discussion of Björnson's religious views is the admirable presentation of his character as a man and as a writer in this little study of less than a hundred pages. Dr. Payne has struck the keynote when he says, "it would be difficult to find anywhere else in modern literature a figure so completely and profoundly representative of his race." The familiar, though perhaps not wholly correct "Hamlet ist Deutschland," becomes absolutely true in the form "Björnson is Norway." He not only interpreted with consummate skill the life of the Norwegian peasant, he has himself lived that life, and in the Norwegian national song, which is sung wherever Norwegians gather, he succeeded in voicing the sentiment of his people because that sentiment was his own. So Dr. Payne points out, furthermore, Björnson was not Norwegian in any provincial spirit. Though his love for his country never diminished, he eagerly sought in the culture of other lands for that which might enrich and expand the national culture.

A comparison between the two great Norwegian contemporaries seems as inevitable as the attempt to contrast the two great novelists of the Victorian period, and the attempt is apt to be as futile in the one case as in the other. Both in personality and in literary aims and methods, the two Norwegians offer as striking contrasts as do Dickens and Thackeray. Just as the statues of Ibsen and Björnson stand on either side of the entrance to the new national Theatre in Christiania, so the men themselves may be regarded, each in his own proper place, as representing the highest achievement of the modern Norwegian drama.

And in this representation only one side of Björnson's varied achievement is suggested. As novelist, lyrical poet, journalist,

and orator, he achieved distinction hardly inferior to his success as dramatist. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of his literary activity is the continuity of his artistic methods and the uninterrupted freshness of his language and his ideas. His last play, published only a year before his death, was one of his most distinguished successes on the stage. With such an example we may well cry, "There are giants in these days."

Even the briefest sketch of Björnstjerne Björnson is incomplete without some mention of the singular charm of the man. With his family and his friends he was the embodiment of sympathy and good cheer. His later home at Aulestad was seldom without guests and for each there was a warm welcome that evidently came right from the heart. Great as was Björnson the writer, Björnson the man was still greater.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

LIFE OF GARRET AUGUSTUS HOBART, TWENTY-FOURTH VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By David Magie, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the Republican National Convention held in St. Louis in June, 1896, a dominating influence in the adoption of a party platform was Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey—up to that time practically unknown outside of his native state. This fact was widely commented upon when he received the unanimous nomination of the convention for the Vice-Presidency. But he was certainly well known, widely and favorably, when, the following September, his letter of acceptance of the nomination was published. That letter was universally acknowledged to be the clearest and tersest exposition of the great financial question which was the paramount issue of the campaign. Its writer rose above partisanship and entered the realm of statesmanship, and the letter inspired popular confidence in the principles enunciated in the platform and assured the election of McKinley and Hobart the following November. He became yet better known when on the fourth of March, 1897, he was inaugurated Vice-President and took his place as the Constitutional President of the Senate. He brought to that high position a clear conception of the greatness and importance of the office; and by the

modest dignity, but thoroughness and fidelity with which he discharged his duties as they had never before been discharged, he elevated the Vice-Presidency in the estimation of the people and made the office what the Constitution intended it to be. His influence in the National administration was potential and the whole nation recognized it, and felt safer, knowing what manner of man he was, and that he was the second official in the government and the confidential adviser of the President. No sooner had he been inducted into his high office than great national events thrust the onerous duties of a statesman upon him. All these extraordinary duties he discharged with an ability that surprised and gratified the entire country, and when he was forced to leave the Senate by the illness which proved fatal in November, 1899, he was the greatest individual force of the national government. When he died at the age of fifty-five, he was sincerely lamented by the Nation.

Yet his life had little to offer as inspiration for the biographer. It was remarkably uneventful. Its even tenor was little disturbed until within a few years of its close. But it was a good life, clean and wholesome from beginning to end, filled with good deeds unostentatiously performed, a life in which every daily task was fulfilled with fidelity, in which every honor came unsought; a life which made the world the better. As such it might well serve as an inspiration to the young men of the land. The task of writing this biography has been fulfilled most happily, not by a skilled writer of history, nor by one who was prominent in political affairs, but by the pastor (recently deceased) who writes with a loving sympathy for the man and citizen of blameless life, but nevertheless with an intelligent appreciation of the circumstances which provided the occasion for Mr. Hobart's admirable qualities of heart and mind to become of lasting benefit to his country.

A. H. N.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Scenes and People in her Novels*. By Charles S. Olcott. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

A student of conscience and interested chiefly in the development of the soul, George Eliot, at first thought, seems far removed in her work from the "localized romance" of Walter

Scott. Yet this volume makes clear that in the characters and scenes of her novels, she was even a greater realist than the Wizard of the North. Like Scott and Shakespeare, she drew her best characters from the actual men and women about her, in a number of instances taking as her models members of her own family. And the scenes of most of her novels can be identified with the same exactness as those of Scott. Among the admirable illustrations to this attractive book are portraits of Robert Evans, her father, the original of "Adam Bede," of Elizabeth Evans, her aunt, the prototype of "Dinah Morris," and of Mrs. Everard, another aunt, caricatured as "Aunt Glegg;" and interesting anecdotes are related of each one to show their connection with the characters in the novels. Two chapters at the close are devoted to "the womanliness of George Eliot" and to her relations with Mr. Lewes. Though frankly admitting the absolute illegality of her union and its hurtful influence, Mr. Olcott shows, as all fair-minded critics have long since acknowledged, how unjust is the charge that she ever disbelieved in the sanctity of marriage.

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FAIRY TALES OF THE FAIRIES. By Ethel Holt Wheeler. New York: John Lane Company.

This book, which is a compilation from various sources, contains short, interesting biographical sketches of the famous women who formed the brilliant coterie called "The Blue Stocking Club." The name will ever cling to learned women, but these lights of the eighteenth century were more than learned, they were witty, charming, and brilliant, nearly all of them were very rich and great society leaders. The three most conspicuous of them were Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, and Mrs. Vesey. The first of these seems to have been always somewhat overrated, and she must not be confounded with Lady Mary Wortly Montagu, who came a little earlier, and was a very different woman,—they only married cousins of the same name. Mrs. Thrale we can never forgive for her treatment of Dr. Johnson in his later years, and Mrs. Vesey was somewhat sentimental, though, they together carried things with a high hand. The two literary women of this clique were Miss Hannah More and

Frances Burney (Madam D'Arblay). One of the most charming and attractive of them all is Mrs. Delany, whose face beams with benevolence, and whose curious and original works of art are carefully treasured in the British Museum. They are not paintings nor drawings, but flowers made of variegated colored paper, and the art of making them she could never quite successfully teach to others. She had colored paper sent to her from Europe and the East, and the work is said to be curiously beautiful. The book is an excellent portrayal of the life of the time.

E. H. S.

LEADING AMERICAN ESSAYISTS. By William Morton Payne, LL.D. With four portraits. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1910.

Conscientiously rather than brilliantly, Dr. William Morton Payne, Associate Editor of the Chicago *Dial*, contributes to Dr. Trent's "Biographies of Leading Americans" series, a volume on *Leading American Essayists*. An introduction which runs to forty pages states the difficulty of defining the essay—

which may be described as occupying a sort of literary limbo between the creative forms of poem, play, and novel, on the one hand, and the more substantial embodiments of knowledge or of speculative thought, on the other.

In the American field, the critic finds little to arrest his attention until he approaches "the region of the nineteenth century." In the aforesaid introduction he offers, however, rapid sketches of certain prose authors, beginning with Franklin and closing with Dr. Mabie—this with no obvious intention of anticlimax. Other contemporary essayists than Dr. Mabie, John Burroughs, and William Winter, are discussed with a line of characterization. These very brief biographies are followed by more detailed studies of Washington Irving (91 pp.), Ralph Waldo Emerson (105 pp.), Thoreau (75 pp.), and Curtis (78 pp.). Each of these essayists is depicted graphically as well as in the text. Holmes, Lowell, and Poe are reserved for consideration as poets rather than as essayists; which circumstance explains their omission. In the announcement of the general series one may read that—

It is not intended to put the books on a plane that will make much in them unattractive to any boy of fifteen who would care to read biography.

This somewhat roundabout statement of editorial policy has been respected by Dr. Payne—so that it would be manifestly unfair to look to his book for the verbal and intellectual sparkle of a Huneker or the psychological acumen of a James or of a Brownell. His miniature biographies are conservative—in the case of Emerson, one may say conventional; he has soberly retold the story that, in the case of two of his subjects, is well-worn; and he has added a useful volume to what promises to prove a useful series.

W. B. BLAKE.

THE INFLUENCE OF MOLIÈRE ON RESTORATION COMEDY. By Dudley Howe Miles. New York: The Columbia University Press.

A study that was commenced at the University of Chicago, continued at the University of Columbia, and now issued in the latter's admirable *Studies in Comparative Literature*, in which it is a worthy successor. The book discusses Molière in his environment, the English comedy before and with the Restoration, and then relates the influence of the former upon the latter whenever this can be directly shown. There is a studied effort to reject all hitherto assumed influence which cannot be proved by a comparison of the plays. A valuable Appendix gives a list of English plays that show this influence. In this Dr. Miles sums up his conclusions by a direct reference to particular sources in Molière. A Bibliography is added. G. L. S.

RAMBLES IN SPAIN. By John D. FitzGerald. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

This is an entertaining and instructive book of travels. The author is not the ordinary tourist who, after hastily traversing a foreign land, dots down his crude impressions. Formerly professor of the Spanish language and literature in Columbia University and now in the University of Illinois, Mr. FitzGerald went to Spain fully equipped and remained there for two years. He knows the country and its history. His book, based on letters written home at the time, is pleasant and easy reading; and it reveals an extensive acquaintance with the history and legends of the country. Now that photographs enable us to make

pictures of absolute fidelity, the illustrations of a book of travels are perhaps its most important part. One can get a better idea of a scene from a photograph than from volumes of description. This handsome volume is adorned with great numbers of excellent plates, most of them made from photographs taken by the author; and from its pictures alone one gets an excellent idea of the most notable objects of interest in the Peninsula.

LIFE IN THE ROMAN WORLD OF NERO AND ST. PAUL. By T. G. Tucker, Litt. D., Camb., Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Melbourne. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"I firmly believe," writes Dr. Tucker, "that the one hope for classical learning and education lies in the interest which the unlearned public may be brought to feel in ancient life and thoughts." From this the plan of his work may readily be inferred. The volume is a series of detached essays on Roman life. It is enriched with much illustrative and other matter recently contributed by archæology, and evinces on the part of the author a scholarly familiarity with his theme, and a sincere desire to effect his avowed purpose of rendering it popular.

Through the very stress of this desire, however, the author has sometimes marred his effort by a lack of dignity, which contributes neither to enlivenment nor interest. The book is of uneven merit, and lacking both in vitality, which its theme assuredly does not in itself lack, and in the fundamental deficiency of constructive historical imagination. It is readable, but disappointing.

I. B.

THE SEA KINGS OF CRETE. By the Rev. James Baikie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This is a valuable contribution to our archæological knowledge of the Mediterranean Island, which seems to hold the secret of the Homeric civilization. It contains a retelling of the legends, an account of the researches and discoveries of Schliemann and later explorers; pictures of the civilization that existed under the Sea Kings; and numerous illustrations; and though scientific in its main purpose, has all the charm of a popular history.

PERSIA AND ITS PEOPLE. By Ella G. Sykes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mrs. Ella G. Sykes, wife of Major Sykes of the British Army, is an acknowledged authority on Eastern subjects; and her volume contains an admirable account of a heretofore little known country, written in delightful style. To the geographical, historical, and economic descriptions are added a brief chapter on Marco Polo in Persia, and a longer one on the Persian poets.

SWITZERLAND. By Oscar Kuhn. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

This book deals with Switzerland as the "Playground of Europe," and gives charming accounts of travel through the Alpine Republic; of some of the tragedies which have been associated with pleasure-seeking therein; and of the poetry which has been inspired by the scenery. It might be difficult to say whether the illustrations give charm to the text, or the text to the illustrations, but together they make of the book a delightful exposition of a wonderful country.

CUBA. By Irene A. Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This book is not the record of hasty impressions, but a "Survey" (as John Stow might have called it) of the Island, by one who is adequately equipped for the task, by ten years of continuous residence in the country, wherein she was privileged in various capacities to visit every part of the Island and to observe every phase of life there. The author's opinions upon political matters are frankly expressed and apparently upon good reason.

LIFE OF CHARLES SUMNER. By Walter G. Shotwell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

This is a valuable contribution to our national biographical literature, for the years of Sumner's public career embraced the most important period of our national history. The public events of this period as they appeared from Sumner's viewpoint, are ably narrated by the author.

THE GREAT WHITE NORTH. By Helen S. Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In the five hundred pages of this volume appears a long line of arctic explorers of every land, English, Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, Italian, and American,—from Sebastian Cabot in the fifteenth century to Nansen, the Duke of Abruzzi, Sverdrup, and Peary, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries,—and each is allowed to tell his own story in his own words. It is an intensely interesting record of the awful sufferings, the patient self-sacrifices, the almost superhuman endurance, and the heroic achievements of those who, in one century after another until our own day, returned from their hopeless search for the North Pole. And to it all the well-known account of Peary's brilliant success forms a fitting conclusion.

HERO-MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE BRITISH RACE. By M. I. Ebbutt. With sixty-four full-page illustrations. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

In this volume are tales of Saxon, Danish, Icelandic, Norman, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and English heroes: Beowulf, Constantine, Havelok, Howard the Halt, Roland, Cuchulain, Sir Gawayne, Black Colin of Loch Awe, Gamelyn, William of Cloudslee, King Horn, Robin Hood, and Hereward the Wake. In the introduction to the volume and to each chapter is an illuminating discussion of those ideals of heroism that appealed to each century and to each race. There is appended to the book a useful glossary and index indicating the approximate pronunciation of different names. It is an attractive and instructive volume.

DEEP IN PINEY WOODS. By J. W. Church. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

This is the work of a new Southern writer, who finds the material for his story in the turpentine producing districts of south Georgia and in the Voodoo worship of the negroes of that region. The plot is attenuated and the story is crudely told.

EVOLUTION AND THE FALL. The Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1909-1910.

By the Reverend Francis J. Hall, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Of the six lectures contained in the present volume, three deal with the theory of evolution in its relation to the origin of things, and in particular to the origin of man. On this point Dr. Hall's view is clearly and concisely expressed: "Physical evolution alone cannot explain the origin of the species." In the three remaining lectures, the specifically moral and religious problem (as distinguished from the cosmological) is taken up, and Dr. Hall adopts the position of Aquinas (which is also the authoritative teaching of the Roman Church) that Man's primitive state, morally and religiously considered, was not merely one of innocence, but that man was endowed at the beginning with a 'supernatural' gift of righteousness. This original righteousness was lost through his lapse from obedience to the Divine command; and thus man found himself in a despoiled condition, yet not altogether without capacities for good. The author has given us a really important and valuable piece of work; in fact, we are not aware that in the whole range of his writings he has succeeded in making a more distinct contribution to Christian apologetics than by this careful and discriminating review of the present status of the evolutionary problem, and (no less) by the positive and constructive statement of the Theistic position which he so clearly sets forth and so ably defends.

W. S. BISHOP.

PREACHING. By F. E. Carter, M.A., Dean of Grahamstown. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

PRESENT-DAY PREACHING. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Springfield, Massachusetts. Longmans, Green & Co.

The first of the foregoing volumes is a recent addition to the useful series known as "Hand-books for the Clergy," and is a book which the preacher should find both suggestive and spiritually helpful. Devout and reverent in its tone, the spiritual element predominates throughout; but at the same time, justice is done to the intellectual and practical bearings of the

subject. "The Preacher," his "Preparation," and his "Message" are first discussed. Then follow chapters on "The Appeal to the Affections and the Will." The closing chapters deal successively with "Variety in the Preacher's Task," "The Preacher's Style and Delivery," and "Apostolic Preaching."

Dr. Slattery's method of treatment of the same subject is vital and stimulating, and his book abounds in helpful passages. We can hardly agree, however, with the author that present-day congregations demand that the text of the sermon be short; i.e., be condensed into a word, or a brief phrase. The advisability of this will doubtless depend on circumstances; particularly on the nature and the familiarity of the subject with which the sermon deals.

W. S. BISHOP.

EPOCHS IN THE LIFE OF PAUL. By A. T. Robertson, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This volume by the Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Southern Baptist Seminary, Louisville, has received high commendation both in this country and in Great Britain. For a vivid and vital impression of the life of St. Paul as a whole, and especially in its critical or Supreme Moments, the book is remarkable. It has caught something of the spirit and temper, the vitality and energy of the Apostle himself, and is always wide-awake and intensely in earnest. For this reason it is admirably calculated for popular effect. But the author keeps always in touch with the latest researches and authorities, and so the book is equally useful for students who need to know that in their reading they are close up with the freshest and most reliable critical and historical scholarship.

THE SOPHISTRIES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Edward C. Farnsworth. Portland, Maine: Smith & Sale, Printers. 1909.

An especially timely book just now, when the recent death of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy has called attention afresh to the system of which she was the foundress. Mr. Farnsworth vigorously assails the truth of "Christian Science," and "ventures (the assertion) that if this pseudo-philosophy were formulated com-

pactly, its padded bulk would shrink to that of one of Emerson's longer essays." Yet he thinks that Christian Science "has been promoter of much good;" and proceeds (on pages 92 and 93) to specify certain benefits which have resulted or may result from its teaching. It must be admitted, however, that a system which, as the author himself shows, rests upon thoroughly unsound principles can in the long run scarcely be promotive of good. From the standpoint of diction and of accuracy of expression this little book leaves a good deal to be desired.

W. S. B.

THE UNITY OF RELIGIONS. Edited by J. Harman Randall, D.D., and J. Gardner Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

This is a collection of popular addresses in exposition of various forms of religious belief and practice; originally delivered "before an adult class in 'Applied Christianity,' held in connection with the Bible School of the Mount Morris Baptist Church (New York City) during the winter of 1909-10." The speakers represented such widely separated standpoints as that of the Hebrew, the Orthodox Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant Evangelical; and it would seem as though the resultant impression left upon the minds of those who attended this course of lectures must have been that of the diversity rather than of the "unity" of religions.

W. S. B.

THE WORLD A SPIRITUAL SYSTEM. By James H. Snowden, D.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1910.

As is indicated by its sub-title, this book sets forth an outline of metaphysics; but its scope extends even further than this, and includes a presentation of certain of the evidences of religion. The author's philosophical standpoint is that of the Idealist; his religious standpoint that of the Christ and the Christian. The mode of presentation is popular; a fact which may be responsible for a certain lack of scientific rigor in the form of statement; but the book is both clearly and persuasively written. As an introduction both to philosophy and to Christian apologetics, this volume is likely to prove distinctly helpful.

BOOK NOTES

From the Macmillan Company have come some important new books: The new and revised edition of Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, with several new chapters and notes and even statistics of the 1910 census. The two volumes will be reviewed later. *The Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith*, covering the period from 1823 to 1910, is one of the notable books of the year, and is reserved for fuller notice. *The Conflict of Colour*, by B. L. Putnam Weale, deals with the race question in its widest aspects, and is an analysis of the treble problem of Yellow, Brown, and Black. *The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome*, by William S. Davis, is a study of various phases in the economic and social life of Ancient Rome and a consideration of the influence of money and of the commercial spirit throughout the period of Roman greatness. *The Essentials of Character*, by Edward Sisson, is a practical study of the aim of moral education, and is a book useful in the family as well as in the class-room. Another book designed for the general reader as well as for the college student is *The Speech for Special Occasions*, by Ella A. Knapp and John C. French, in which the editors have collected specimens of effective speech to serve as examples of what one may be called on to say on special occasions.

From Longmans, Green & Company have been received the following: *The Spirit of Power* by E. A. Edghill, lecturer in ecclesiastical history in King's College, London; and *The Church of the First Three Centuries* by T. A. Gurney, Vicar of St. Giles, Northampton, cover the same historical period, though their points of view are very different. The first book is confined to "That much misunderstood period, the second century after Christ," and seeks to interpret the spirit of Christianity and its power at this epoch; the second endeavors "to trace the main stream of Church life from its sources to be the new point of departure marked by the Decree of Milan (A. D. 313)."

Thus the one admirably supplements the other. *Principles of Anglicanism*, by Frederick Joseph Kinsman, Bishop of Delaware, is a series of lectures on the English Reformation, Anglican Conservatism, Anglican Progressiveness, The Principle of Orders, The Achievements and Failures of Protestantism, the Unity of The Church. The lectures are all scholarly in thought and treatment, logical in development, liberal in spirit, and attractive in style. *Christian Progress, with Other Papers and Addresses*, by George Congreve, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley St. John, Oxford; *Sermons to Pastors and Masters*, by John Huntley Skrine; *The Way of Fellowship*, by F. W. Drake; *The Science of Life and the Larger Hope*, by J. E. Mercer, Bishop of Tasmania; all are books dealing with various phases of Chistian life and experience. *A Soldier's Recollections: Leaves from the Diary of a Young Confederate*, by Randolph H. McKim, is a vivid and interesting record of the writer's experiences and observations during his service with the Army of Northern Virginia, first as a private soldier, then as a staff officer, and finally as a chaplain in the field. This book will be reviewed in a later issue. *Richard Baxter's Self-Review and Stephen's Essay on Baxter*, edited with preface, notes, and appendices, by Francis John, Bishop of Chester, furnishes a welcome reprint of a noteworthy auto-biographical sketch of a Puritan divine in the seventeenth century, in which is revealed a character of rare sweetness, gentleness, and beauty.